

# Carmel Pine Cone

VOL. XIII, No. 57

CARMEL-BY-SEA, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY, 18, 1927.

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## Stanford Artist Plans Group Of Beautiful Down-Town Shops

Plans are being prepared for a group of artistic shops that will cover the property recently purchased by Pedro Lemos from R. C. DeYoe, on Dolores street, opposite the post office. This additional development of the lot will be in line with the building now there, occupied by Kay's restaurant.

Pedro J. Lemos is the director of art galleries at Stanford University, and is the owner and builder of some wonderfully artistic shops in Palo Alto. He has been a frequent visitor to Carmel, and was here this week supervising the finishing and additions to the Dolores

street building, and the color cement work there.

Craftsmen have finished placing color cement flagstones on the court yard space at Kay's and the sidewalk has also been entirely covered with colorful cement stones.

This type of walkway, invented by Pedro Lemos ten years ago is used extensively in Pasadena, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. The surface color is petronia cement, also invented by Lemos and is the same color as that used throughout the schools in art cement craft.

Lemos has carved the entrance

stone at Kay's doorway and another at the gateway. The motif of these designs is "The Early Bird" and it is rumored that before long the successful shop of Kays will be known as the "Early Bird." Mr. and Mrs. Lemos have purchased other business property and own a group of residence properties in Carmel which they plan to improve with buildings similar in type to their Studio Court buildings in Palo Alto, which have attracted the national attention of architects and descriptions of which have appeared in a number of prominent magazines.

## Novelist Will Talk At Forum

### Woman's Club Activities Give Carmel Lively Week

It is a privilege to hear Robert Welles Ritchie talk when he's going good. Let him select his own topic, and he's bound to go good. What he knows, he can tell, and what he doesn't know he can bluff through, and it's all so interesting as Bob Ritchie tells it that one doesn't know or care that he may be bluffing.

How the Woman's Club prevailed upon him to make an evening for their Forum has not been explained. Perhaps because the Civic Forum is the one Club activity where men may take part, Ritchie felt he should give it help and support. More likely he had this Mexican topic in his system, and needed to get it out. Whichever, it will certainly be interesting for his audience.

The Pine Inn, Thursday evening next, the 24th of February, eight o'clock, are time and place.

### DR. RHEINHARDT

#### TOMORROW NIGHT

Parental Education will be the subject of a talk by Dr. Aurelia Rheinhardt tomorrow—Saturday—evening at eight o'clock at Sunset School auditorium, under the auspices of the Carmel Parent-Teachers Association.

Dr. Rheinhardt, president of Mills College and president of the National Association of University Women, is thoroughly qualified to handle the subject, and is a brilliant speaker. She is keenly interested in all angles of the educational situation, and has a wide following throughout the state.

bronze bowl filled with pink hyacinths and garlands of pink carnations also decorated the table. The smaller tables in the room were covered with different colored silk cloths and trimmed with pink flowers.

Mr. Godwin and his bride will spend a short time in San Francisco on their return from their wedding trip and later will make their home at Pebble Beach.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Willett and the sister of Mrs. Loren Tryon and Miss Barbara Willett. She is a graduate of Miss Burke's School and after finishing her studies she spent two years in Europe. She is a member of the Junior League.

Harrison Godwin is one of Carmel's best known men, being active in its many interests. He is connected with the Del Monte Properties Co. and the Hotel La Playa; is an artist of considerable ability, and is one of the founders and original team captains in the Abalone League. He has given evidence on the amateur stage of his versatility, and has a host of friends here, many of whom journeyed to the city to the wedding. He is the son of Mrs. Helen Muth, of the La Playa.

## Plenty Of Action By Board Of Trustees

A good time was had by all at the Board of Trustees adjourned meeting Monday night. With two members absent, things went in quick motions and smart action, or didn't go at all—as happened when the new ordinance which will bring fines for illicit liquor peddling into the city treasury hit the snag of opposition, and grounded on the mud bank of delay. Also, another postponement of the initial proceedings in the projected sewer extension was deemed advisable, after listening to the reports of City Engineer Howard D. Severance and Attorney Argyll Campbell. The owners of two pieces of property through which the sewer must run, had not given the city rights of way, and that delayed action a bit—until February 28.

Other matters there were that the board could take action upon; most important an oddly phrased petition from Percy Parkes, the builder, to be allowed to take sand from the beach, and cross the city's property in so doing. This request stated that other builders were removing sand, using a right of way across the city's beach properties to get to and from the state-owned sand between high and low tides, and had no permits to do so.

The board of trustees took immediate action. On motion of Wood, the application of Parkes was denied, and the superintendent of streets was instructed to stop all hauling of sand from or across city land.

The "Little Volstead Act" went another step in its rather checkered career, as it had its second reading. Wood then moved its adoption, and got no second. Both Dennis and Foster were absent from the meeting and Jordan was in the chair, leaving Larouette, who is opposed to the ordinance, the only trustee to second the motion. He promptly said that he would not support it. Jordan thought he saw a way out, and asked Larouette to take the chair, while he seconded the motion.

Attorney Campbell, whose mind had been wandering, came alive right then, and straightened things out. With but two votes favoring it at the meeting, less than a majority, the ordinance couldn't pass, and must go over to the next session.

The petition of R. C. DeYoe that the city allow M. F. Williams, a widow, to secure her property on Dolores street near Twelfth by paying arrears of taxes, special assessments, with penalties and expenses, was granted under Ordinance 64, and the tax collector was instructed to give DeYoe a bill of the total delinquency, and accept payment.

Street Superintendent Fraser reported upon several trees that it was claimed were dangerous or in the way of improvements, and was given authority to cut or trim as he thought best. And again John C. Catlin, art-blacksmith and ex-attorney, spoke from beyond the railing upon the conditions of Junipero street, north of Ocean avenue. This time, the plea was for the health of the community, as the menace of the disease-breeding water in the gully there was a threat to the community. His petition was referred to the commissioner of

## Large Cypresses Cut To Improve The View

The cutting down of cypress trees upon the sand dunes, Carmel's park, that private owners of properties along the streets adjacent might have free and unimpeded views of the sea, has caused a commotion that promises to fix responsibility, and settle once for all whether Carmel's trees shall grow or die at the dictate of any individual.

The only authority for this trespass upon the city's property, and the destruction of growth of twenty years planting, seems to be a motion passed on September 23, 1926, by the Board of Trustees, which left to the discretion of the Superintendent of Streets, Alfred P. Fraser, a request made by a single owner of property facing the park, which request read, in part, as follows: "I would greatly appreciate the removal of an occasional tree, and the trimming of the others, and am asking your consideration and permission to do this without cost to the city." The reason, according to the same letter was that the trees were "virtually shutting off views of the beach."

This communication dated back to July 31, last year. Why it should be acted upon more than six months later has not been explained. It was last Friday that workmen from Murphy's began cutting down cypresses, and covering the stumps with sand. Before a single tree had been removed, protests began coming in at the city hall, and to the Pine Cone office, by telephone or in person.

Marshall Gus Englund went to the beach, learned that the tenant of a residence fronting the park had instructed Murphy's men to do the cutting, and that he had no written permit to cut any trees upon city land. The Marshall ordered the work stopped, went back to the city hall, notified Superintendent of Streets Fraser of the action he had taken, and so turned the affair over to him.

President Jordan, to whom protests were made, had forgotten this six months old authorization given by the Board of Trustees, and had to be shown. Trustee Wood remembered it, and blamed the Marshall for interference. The ordi-

nance and practice of Carmel has been that permits for felling of trees should be given in writing. As this fixes responsibility the practice is good. There are far too many trees going down that some dining-room window may get better sea view. The time has come to make expostulation and protest felt.

### EX-SHERIFF OYER AGAIN UNDER KNIFE

William A. Oyer, this county's last term sheriff, is again in Franklin Hospital, San Francisco, where another operation is being performed upon the leg wounded in the Moss Landing rum-runner battle of a year and a half ago.

The joint of the left knee has stiffened, threatening permanent lameness, and it is hoped that this operation, with another to be performed in about three weeks by Dr. Hunkin, to mend the tendon cut by the bullet, will result in a permanent cure.

Sheriff Oyer was leading a posse of deputies in a raid upon bootleggers at Moss Landing in the summer of 1925, and was shot down by machine gun fire. At the same time Oyer was wounded, N. A. Rader, a volunteer deputy, was killed.

### CARMELITES ON THE POLO FIELD

A representatives gathering of Carmelites is regularly at the Del Monte polo field on days when the High Goal tournaments are on. This year finds a good many internationally famous poloists here to compete.

There is Eric Pedley, well known about Pebble Beach, and Tommy Hitchcock, who, at twenty-four years of age, is one of the finest players in the world.

And there is Carleton Burke, Elmer Hoesaka, Fred Roe and George Gordon Moore, whose ranch down the Carmel Valley will be, when completed, one of the finest polo pony farms in America.

## Bowers, Flowers, Wedding Bells

One of the most beautiful weddings in San Francisco's higher social circles was that of Miss Audrey Willett of that city, and Harrison Godwin of Carmel, which took place at four o'clock of the afternoon of last Saturday at the home of Mrs. George S. Forderer, in Broadway, in the presence of relatives and close friends, the Rev. Charles P. Deems officiating.

The entire lower floor of the house was transformed into a garden. At either side of the entrance was a tall lemon tree, and the walls of the hall were covered with greenery. On three sides of the drawing room, where the ceremony took place, there was a high box hedge reaching to the ceiling, and from the ceiling were suspended huge baskets of pink blossoms, garlanded with Ward carnations.

The altar was covered with a restment embroidered in the pastel shades, and in the center there were balls of pink hyacinths. At each end of the altar was a tall candelabra holding fifteen candles and on either side there was a Grecian urn filled with pink flowers and festooned with Ward carnations.

The bride was given in marriage by her father, Mr. Walter M. Willett. Her wedding gown was of white tulle over white satin and was made with a close fitting bodice and a bouffant skirt. The tulle veil fell from a coronet of lace and was trimmed with sprays of orange blossoms. The bride carried a shower bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley.

Miss Barbara Willett was her sister's only attendant. She wore a yellow and gold chiffon robe de style with a hat in the same shades and carried yellow roses.

Mr. Frederick Godwin was the best man. The ushers were Mr. Byington Ford, Mr. Charles King Van Riper, Mr. Calvin Tilden, Mr. Heber Tilden, Mr. Samuel F. B. Morse and Mr. Pardow Hooper.

Mrs. Walter M. Willett, mother of the bride, wore a gown of fuchsia crepe de chine and a hat to match.

At the wedding supper the bride's table was covered with a pink silk cloth. In the center was a gold

health.

It was in the discussion of this matter, and of the French Laundry's encroachment on the city street of a tank, that Trustee Larouette said passionately:

"Either this board is something or nothing—and I'm beginning to think it's nothing."

The two other members present showed they were something by voting "Aye" on Larouette's motion to demand the presence of the owner of the French laundry before the board, and make him ask for a temporary permit for the tank to stay where it was staying on the city street. The city clerk will frame the letter of command.

Trustee Wood reported that he had discussed the matter of dogs with the humane society, and there was nothing doing. They could make no arrangements to act as pound-master or furnish a pound. The matter went over to the next meeting of the board.

## Carmel Woman Is In Peril At Shanghai

A letter from Miss Mabel Morrell, who has been for many years a property owner, and at intervals a resident of Carmel, dated at Shanghai, China, January 26, gives a vivid picture of the conditions there. She writes:

This has been a frightful winter. The Settlement is full of troops—British ones—and I can tell you, they look good to me! We are all ready for trouble over the Chinese New Year, which is the third of February. The problem of preparedness is one that has taken every person's attention. The Settlement is surrounded with a barbed wire barricade, and the warships are lying in the river, able to land a force in twenty minutes, and all know just what to do, as it has been rehearsed; so we hope with all this to have frightened the Nationalists as they call themselves enough so that they will not try to repeat the Hankow affair. That was a nasty business; the foreigners were positively baited by the mobs in hopes that a Britisher would fire the first shot, and give them an excuse to carry on a massacre. But the British showed marvelous patience and prudence, and carried the day by evacuating the women and entraining themselves out of harm's way.

I have most of my things packed up and some of them out of the house and inside the Settlement, and shall take in some more before the holidays begin. Also have a suitcase all packed in case I do not have a chance to take anything with me, except what I can carry in my hand; and it is to be hoped that I shall not have to sail forth with a suitcase in one hand and my little dog under the other arm, looking for safety on one of the Government boats in the river. One cannot settle down to any-

thing as you feel all mugged up mentally, and the ugly fact at the back of your brain keeps getting into your thoughts no matter how hard you try to push it aside.

### MOSS PARASITE THREATENS TREES

To Editor

Carmel Pine Cone.

Dear Sir,

The unique character of the Carmel coast, would lose its most attractive feature, if it should be deprived of those magnificent growths of slow time, the cypress trees and pines which crown the splendid headlands.

It is pitiful to observe their gradual destruction, which is now proceeding, by the moss parasite which has already brought about the death of a number of the finest specimens, and is evidently overcoming the resistance of others, the passing of each of which is an irreparable loss to the locality.

It would seem that the owners of those scenic attractions, Point Lobos and Cypress Point, owe it to themselves as well as the community, to spare no effort to stay the ravages of the tree-disease, and thus justify their exclusive possession of a product of nature, which may be regarded as of much more than local importance.

There are no signs of tree surgery, or of removal of diseased and dead timber from the groves and the deadly moss is scattered over a widening area of contagion.

There are surely methods of cutting, trimming, scraping, spraying or scarifying which will at least arrest the course of the deadly process. Carmel as a community owes a great debt to nature, and nature has a way of showing its resentment of neglect.

Yours very truly,

Reginald Pelham Bolton,  
Vice president of The American  
Scenic and Historic Preservation  
Feb. 14-27.

### ONLY A DOG — BUT

#### WHAT BETTER TO SAY

Probably the last dog to remember the days when the sign, "Please Tie Up Your Dog" was chalked on the Ocean Avenue bulletin board each summer, just before the annual open-air play, Arthur Vachell Boke, has this week passed to his reward. He was extremely ancient, and to old age may be ascribed his demise. Pet of the Boke family, a real part of that lively group of Carmelites that made history in the past decade, Arthur was almost as well known as Elliot, Marion, Charlys or Dick, and in his way, just as popular.

Arthur, a wee pup, was named by his youthful owners after Arthur Vachell, the artist, brother of Horace Adnealey Vachell the British novelist, then a resident of Carmel and of its South End. He was a constant companion of the Boke children for many years, and never entirely relinquished guardianship until his death. He will be sincerely mourned.

### TIMELY TOPIC AT

#### WOMAN'S FORUM

A special Forum of the Women's Club was held last night at the Sunset School auditorium, with Argyll Campbell as the principal speaker, his subject, and the reason for the meeting, being Charles Gorman's report for Monterey County. After Campbell had thoroughly

exploited the advantages of a county chapter, and had answered questions from the floor, there was a general discussion of the matter.

### WET GROUNDS; NO GAME

All Abalone League games were off last Sunday because of the rains. The schedule as published for that day will be played this Sunday, nature permitting. The almost daily rains have made the ball fields a rather soggy mess of mud, but with a few hours sunshine between now and then, players can get around the bases without swimming. And the rains are good for the sod on the Carmel Woods diamond.

Donald L. Standiford is spending this week in San Francisco, on a

business and pleasure trip. Mr. Standiford motored to San Francisco on last Sunday with the Levinson family, who have returned and are now occupying the Edler home in the Eighty Acres.

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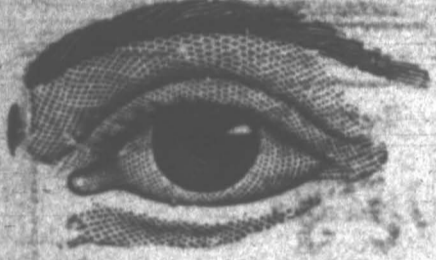
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## A Rainy Morning

Blue Monday in Carmel.

And of course Central had to choose that particular Monday on which to ring the telephone at precisely six o'clock (by mistake).

It's rather tragic to wake from a dream of Italian skies and Venetian gondolas and to step out of bed and land in the middle of a wide puddle of very wet rain water. Carmel cottages are proof against any 'high fog' that's ever been invented, but an unexpected downpour is liable to take advantage of some open window.

Anyway, there was the puddle of very wet water, and the obtrusive jangle of the telephone and the ominous peal of thunder. Rather nasty of the weatherman to say the least.

You pouted and stared sulkily out of the window but you couldn't see anything worth writing home about. Threesome old rain pouring down out of nowhere at all, and a dirty gray sea melting into an equally dirty gray sky so that you couldn't tell where one began and the other ended.

You buried your ears in a bath towel at the next crash of thunder and gasped when you saw a streak of lightning coming straight at you. Probably the next would park on your front porch. You recalled wild tales of the havoc wrought by lightning and tried absently to count the times you had read that Farmer Somebody's cow was electrified.

And then, while you were peering out of the window and cursing all storms in general and this storm in particular, something happened—

Unconsciously you began to admire the pattern in the ragged clouds, and the angle at which the rain fell, just as though it had been measured with a ruler, and the swaying of the cypress trees like the crowds at the Big Game when the band played Half Stanford Red.

The next streak of lightning wasn't so bad and you felt a little more kindly toward the weather man; probably he was doing his darndest and anyway cabbages have to be cultivated.

You decided that early, rainy mornings might not be so abso-

lutely without charm after all. So you built up a good big fire and sprawled on a rug in front of it, and smiled at a picture of a blond boy you sort of like, and read a little out of some book, and in between smiles and paragraphs you got up and put a record on the phonograph.

At six in the morning you wouldn't own the finest radio in the world, because, at six in the morning, they don't broadcast anything but reducing exercises and Emily Post's Etiquette. You discovered that "All the World is Waiting for the Sunrise" seems to harmonize perfectly with the rhyme of the rain on the shingles overhead. But by the time you didn't want sunrise, a little bit, maybe, but not much. Sunshine gets awfully monotonous.

So you read and listened to nice music and had a perfect peach of a time and you were really dismayed when the sky began to lighten and patches of blue appeared here and there. You counted them hoping for the worst—but no, enough blue to make a Dutchman's breeches. Rain was all over, darn it.

Anyway you left word with central to ring your phone every rainy morning at six o'clock (by mistake).

### RECENT GUESTS AT

#### SEA VIEW INN

Miss Mary Cunningham, Boston, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Cunningham, Gloucester, Mass.; Mrs. A. J. Jacobs, Paducah, Ky.; John W. Claywell, and Waldo Rasmann, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. O'Mara, San Francisco; Miss Abbie W. Oliphant, Oakland; Miss Janette Stephens, Miss Anna Olsen, and Miss Loraine H. Bresu, Redwood City.

### MAY GET ROCK IN

#### CREEK CANYON

The possibility that rock for the proposed Monterey breakwater would be secured from a point on the San Jose Creek in the Carmel Valley, was voiced by H. A. Greene, who stated that he had made a survey several years ago with the result that the quarry in the Carmel valley appeared favorable. Two other sites had been inspected at that time, according to Greene, one at Cypress Point and another at Point Lobos where stones were secured for the construction of the post office in San Francisco.

## Edward H. Tickle Heads Realtors

Edward H. Tickle of Carmel Highlands, was elected president of the Monterey Peninsula Realty Board, succeeding Jack Beaumont, of Del Monte, at a meeting of the organization held Friday evening at the Del Monte hotel. The other officers elected were: J. P. Pryor, of Monterey, vice president; A. W. Files, of Monterey, secretary-treasurer.

The meeting was marked by enthusiastic interest in the future plans of the organization, to which the presence of J. Bradley Clayton, of San Jose, district vice president of the state organization, contributed in large measure. Clayton addressed the meeting relative to the statewide activities now under way or in prospect, and indicated his belief that 1927 will be one of the best years yet experienced by California real estate dealers.

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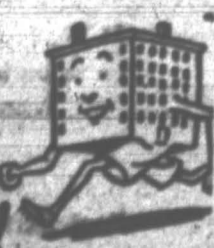
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# Village News Reel

John F. Conners, postmaster of Oakland, with a party which included Mrs. A. L. Tregloan, Mrs. L. Dubonnet of New York, Mrs. A. S. Larkey and Mrs. W. A. Shrock of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Layman of San Jose, was a week end guest of Pine Inn. A dinner party, with John B. Jordan and his wife as host and hostess, was one affair in their honor.

Robert C. Harrison of San Francisco, an attorney and son of the late Judge Ralph Chandler Harrison, was in Carmel at Pine Inn and inspected the plans for the Harrison Memorial library.

Garnett Holme, director for the U. S. Government of National Park pageantry, well known to Carmel where he has been producer of many Forest Theatre plays, is now visiting in England, where his home used to be.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Pelham Bolton of New York are guests at Pine Inn. They are the parents of the author of Adam and Eva, a Broadway success of last season, and Mr. Bolton is vice president of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society of New York.

Mrs. R. G. Gettrell and Mrs. J. M. Putnam, both wives of Deans of the University of California, are at Pine Inn, with Miss Edna Putnam and Mrs. G. B. Churchill of Amherst, Mass.

Mrs. E. L. Taylor has been called to Greeley, Colorado by the sudden illness of her father, G. W. Beard, a ninety year old G.A.R. War Veteran. He was formerly editor of several newspapers, and is also an ex-Judge of Greeley, Colorado.

Mrs. Elsa Spaulding is occupying the Richard House for the spring. Mrs. Spaulding is an artist and although her home is in Pasadena, she has spent the past five years in Paris. While here, she will spend considerable time sketching on the coast.

Mr. A. W. Simons with his two sisters are in the Foster house for an indefinite stay. Mr. Simons is connected with the art department of the New York Times.

Mrs. Anne Pomeroy of Hotel Claremont, Oakland, has located here for the balance of the spring. Her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Chadsey, have been here for some time.

Mrs. Sergei Mihaloff of San Francisco, entertained a group of friends from the East last week end in the Grey Goose on Casanova street.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Leland of San Jose spent last week end in Carmel and Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Hartwell, who have been sojourning in one of the Hollyhock Court cottages, left this morning for their home in the south.

Miss Jessie Caplin of Minneapolis is occupying the house she lately purchased and expects to remain for several months. She is located in the Pinecap on North Camino Real.

Mr. and Mrs. William Koch and Master Dick were week enders at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parker. Mr. Koch is an interior decorator and is at present engaged on the new residence of Mrs. Mary Pickney at the Highlands, of which Guy O. Koepf is the designer.

Professor Blanchard of the Orotory section of the English department of the University of California, was a guest at Peter Pan Lodge for a few days recently.

Mrs. Marie Nelson Lee and Mrs. Gertrude Nelson Andrews of Hol-

lywood, mother and aunt of Mrs. Guy Koepf, spent a few days here recently as the guests of Miss Mossy Hunkins and Mrs. Guy Koepf.

Miss Mary Wilkes and Miss Jean Burke of San Francisco, spent part of the week in Carmel. Miss Wilkes will be remembered for her successful exhibit of Polish importations held last spring at the Fraser Looms.

Miss Veryl Christmas of San Jose, is visiting her sister, Geneva, at Miss Hunkins on Lincoln.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Leet, and their daughters, the Misses Winifred and Adella Leet, of San Jose, spent the last week end in their cottage in Carmel.

Miss Elizabeth Radgesky, of Berkeley, is the house guest of her sister Marcelle Radgesky, at the Rand Rogers Cottage on Casanova.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Blair and Miss Barbara Blair of San Jose, are occupying their Carmel cottage for the week end. Mr. Blair is vice president of the Bank of Italy.

John H. Flanner, the musician of Carmel, sailed from New York on the "Olympia" Friday for Paris and Vienna, where he will continue his musical studies.

Miss M. DeNeale Morgan closed her exhibition of paintings at the Hotel Learington in Oakland, on Saturday last. Some of the canvases shown were Carmel and Monterey views, which she painted during the holidays.

Quite a number of pictures of C. S. Price, a well known Peninsula artist, are now being shown at the Berkeley League of Fine Arts, in Berkeley.

Guy O. Koepf motored to Modesto yesterday on business. He will return in a few days.

Miss Louise Olcott, of Dolores street, is down from Berkeley for a few days.

The first of the series of dances given at the Sunset school auditorium in Carmel on Saturday evening by the C. P. T. A., was a great success, about 80 young people from the Peninsula attended. Quite a neat sum was realized, which will be put into the new piano fund.

Announcement has been made of the wedding of Miss Flora McDonald and Mr. William Johnstone, which occurred in January at the British Consulate in Paris. The bride who is a talented artist has studied abroad for two years, is well known in Carmel where she and her mother have often visited. Her aunt, the Baroness Nugent, owns a home in Carmel. The groom is from Selkirk, Scotland, and is also an artist.

Miss Helen Judson, who has been prominent in amateur theatricals in Carmel for several years past, has been asked to play with the Berkeley Players, and is now in that city at the Carleton hotel. Miss Judson is the daughter of C. Chapin Judson, the artist, and her mother was Bessie Yard—both talented people. Judson is on the art staff of the University of California.

Miss Marguerite Tickle and Miss Jean Shaw were hostesses at a charming bridge-dance at the Highlands Inn, Saturday night. After the Bridge games dancing was enjoyed and a happy evening was spent, with refreshments as a climax to the evening. Among those present were Misses Mae McDonald, Lillian Fairfax, Annetta Lee, Elfreda Sprague, Manuella Hudson, Virginia Hudson, Olive Littlefield, Mary Wheldon, Doris Dale, Messrs. Don Nelson, Ferdinand Bambauer,

Carl Cope, James Hopper, Gordon Campbell, Roy Trotter, Henry Trotter, Bill Lewis, John Sparolini.

The Drama club section of the Carmel Women's club met last Monday at the Art Gallery on San Carlos street.

Herbert Heron delighted the members with his reading of Philip Barry's play, "In a Garden," so successfully presented in New York several seasons ago with Miss Laurette Taylor taking the lead.

The Pine Inn of Carmel is inviting the people of the Monterey Peninsula to a card party to be given at the Inn Friday, February 18, at 8 p.m. It is to be for the benefit of St. Anne's Guild. Reservations may be made at the Pine Inn, phone Carmel 600, or the Rectory, phone Carmel 155-W. The hostesses are Mesdames John B. Jordan, Walter S. Johnston, George L. Wood, Austin B. Chinn, W. J. Kingsland, Alfred J. Wheldon, G. W. Reamer, John B. Dennis, Kissam Johnson, C. H. Lowell.

Mrs. Pearl Byrnes, accompanied by Mrs. William Spruance and father, Frederick Brock, a broker of San Francisco, motored to Carmel on Tuesday. They will occupy the Montgomery cottage on south Scenic drive for a week.

A temblor of the brief but sharp pattern, brought people into the streets from shops and houses, hurriedly, at seven minutes of four Tuesday afternoon. No damage has as yet been reported.

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## Card Party for Unity Hall

A card party will be held on February 25 at 8 p.m. for the benefit of the Building Fund at the house of Mrs. Esther Teare.

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Mrs. Robert Geer, of Syracuse, was hostess Saturday afternoon at a charming tea given at Pine Inn in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering of San Francisco. Mrs. Bevin assisted the hostess.

Mrs. Susan Mott Porter gave a delightfully informal tea last Sunday afternoon at her home on 12th and Dolores Streets. Among the guests were Mrs. Charles Purdy and her son, Charles Purdy, Mrs. Comins, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Davison, Mrs. C. Halstead Yates and Mrs. Taylor.

A. Thompson, vice president of the Oakland Bank, and his wife are guests this week at Pine Inn.

Miss Grace Shields has returned from a two months' visit with relatives in Auburn.

Miss McPeary and friends from Berkeley are occupying the Rigney cottage on north Lincoln street for a week.

The S. C. Horsfords from Oakland spent the week end in their cottage in north Carmel. They had as guests while here, Mr. and Mrs. James Thurston of Fruitvale.

Miss Natalie Myers, formerly with the Game Cock, has been a visitor in Carmel this week, stopping in the Old Cabin. She now lives in Berkeley.

Loss of a few trees, of more branches, of some shingles from roofs, of a good deal of sleep, and heavy demands on the trouble-trucks of both electric light and telephone companies: these were

the reports of damage from Tuesday night's fierce wind and rain storm.

## Where Serra Was Born in Spain

By Abby Beecher Abbott

I never thought when I was a school girl studying about the Balearic Isles that some day I would spend six very happy weeks in one of those "Fortunate Isles." My sister and I explored the island of Mallorca. One of our pleasantest trips was to discover the town of Petra, the birthplace of Father Junipero Serra, and to see the monument erected to do him honor in the public square of that town. We left Palma one morning in a Studebaker car with a Spanish driver who had been in America for two years. He could translate for us as our knowledge of Spanish was very limited. Petra is off the beaten track hidden down among the hills. The roads are good and the country is interesting. Miles upon miles of olive orchards, very many windmills with quaint irrigation plants.

We went through little villages with such narrow streets we could see into the houses, and almost see what they had for dinner. We passed through one village where a fair was being held for the sale of animals. There were fine strong horses, sleek mules with gay headstalls, fat pigs, hosts of goats, chickens and turkeys. Everything spoke of prosperity.

When we reached the village of Petra, and made our mission known, willing feet took us to a

narrow street where, over the door of a small adobe house, was an inscription telling that it was here their honored citizen first saw the light. On a bench in front of the house, a pig was laid, and was being singed with lighted olive branches. All labor and feasting was forgotten when it was known that some Americans wanted to see the house. The news spread fast, and soon the narrow street was crowded with people who gave a smiling welcome to the strangers. We were ushered into the house, bureau drawers were opened until the pictures of Junipero Serra were found. These they gave to us willingly, refusing any pay.

By this time one of the municipal officers came, and said he would take us to the city hall and show us a painting of Father Serra. As we left, we were pointed out the many relatives of the holy man, and they bade us a smiling farewell. We could not get a photograph of that painting. In one corner were some American Indians, and an officer in a Continental uniform, which we supposed represented George Washington. The monument in the square is a beautiful one. We were taken to see the relatives of the artist who did the work. When they heard I had been in Monterey, they gave us more post-cards, and brought out a framed picture of Monterey. It represented a mission on a treeless plain. I did not have the heart to tell them of the flourishing Monterey of today.

Spain is a land of great historic interest as well as of poetry and romance. We have found the people high minded and courteous. If Columbus discovered America it

was left for two Americans to discover Spain.

Carl Hoffman, a mining engineer of Oakland, now in Panama, will shortly join his wife in Carmel, who is the guest of her sister Miss Laura Dierksen.

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# In the Village Street

### MONTEREY MOODS

There is always a thrill when one reaches the top of the Carmel grade, on the way to Monterey. Most of us slow our machines a little and pause, with foot on brake, to reflect a moment on the glorious view below.

Each time it is different, a marvel of countless, ever changing moods.

There are gray mornings, when the Bay is wrapped in an opalescent veil of early fog; there are mornings gay as peacock's plumage, when the Bay is a great, oblong turquoise, set in the emerald and platinum of the Monterey hills.

Sometimes the distant Santa Cruz mountains loom up amazingly close at hand, as though with a few strokes one might swim across and touch the green foothills; sometimes they are remotely far away and only the violet peaks are etched faintly against a pale sky.

There are storm days, when the sky is angry and the terrified sea swirls discontented breakers against the sturdy old wharves, in vain attempt to batter down those salty piles that have weathered the tempests of so many years.

Perhaps the most beautiful moments, on the brink of the hill, are these that come when the afterglow of sunset is just submerging into the deep purple of night. The sun has gone, no doubt to rise upon some Chinese temple garden, but the rim of the Carmel sea is still stained with red as vivid as the lips of a Roman courtesan, and Monterey is aglow with its dying radiance. The sea is a broad field

of pale green and gold and the great oil tanks have become suddenly wondrous, like Bagdad palaces, painted by Maxfield Parrish.

But later, on your way home from Monterey you pause again and look backward and wonder if this time isn't the best of all. You have forgotten the peacock blue mornings and the Maxfield Parrish sunset.

There is a slim silver moon crescent above the pines and the radiance of a million spring stars are mirrored in Monterey Bay like little white fireflies imprisoned beneath the water. From some chimney a column of smoke rises pearly white against the evening sky.

Everything is tenderly soft; the gentle stirring breeze, the colors of the sea and the sky, ranging from pale ethereal lavender to blue-violet. Now it is an illustration done by Edmund Dulac for the Arabian Nights. Such a scene would have come before Aladdin, had he rubbed his magic lamp and wished to see the most beautiful spot in the world. The Bay of Sinbad's dream.

### HOW TO WRITE PLAY REVIEWS

Peggy came in to the office Saturday morning with a sad face and, "Do I get fired today?"

"What for?" says we. "Leaving By Ford out of the Bad Man."

"Was By left out?" We shouldn't have shown our reporter how negligent our editing was; it is bad for discipline. Peggy said:

"If you didn't notice that I overlooked him in my review of the

play, maybe he wouldn't. I just didn't remember to put him into it. Then somebody kindly told me what I'd done, or didn't do, and I worried all last night.

"Had he ought to have been left out?" I said encouraging her, for I hadn't gone to the show.

"No, indeed. He was good—better than some I gave lots of words to. I just forgot to say how good he was, that's all. And I suppose I ought to be fired for it."

"Well, maybe," I said, remembering some of the mistakes I made as a cub reporter before Peggy was born. "Anyhow, next time you review an amateur show, have a program before your eyes all the time. By Ford won't mind, but if you leave out the guy with one line, or the maid who brings on the tea things, you'll get in deeper water than any editor can yank you from. Give me a stickful on the P.T.A. meeting yesterday."

### DIVINE WORSHIP

The Candle Family will be introduced to the Junior Congregation which is composed of Children of the Sunday School, at 11 A. M. Sunday in the Carmel Community Church. The parents of the children are invited to be present, as the children are to participate in the service with a special number.

A sermon for the adults, Rev. I. M. Terwilliger will preach concerning "Rebuilding the Walls of Jerusalem" (Nehemiah 2:11-18).

The church maintains a nursery for the care of infants during the morning service.

Epworth League at 7 p. m.

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# Me and Mencken

By Peggy Palmer

February 16.—Well, I think that when a girl is going to be able to vote for President in 2 years, she really ought to know something about politics. For instance it makes me very annoyed when people vote for a President just because he likes horses, which that is what my father does on account while he is really in the holmala grocery business he is actually fond of horses.

So I think that when a girl gets to be my age she ought to know something about politics and last night I went down to the Trustees meeting at the city hall, that's over the postoffice. I got there awfully early, even before any of the Trustees got there, so I sat down and drew pictures of Mr. Frazier in my notebook, that's the one I used to keep dates in.

Pretty soon the Trustees started to arrive and they began to talk about politics, for instance Mr. Larouette said tobacco is really bad on the lungs and Mr. Camell, the loyer, said he would not quit smoking for anything.

Well, said Mr. Larouette, tobacco actually ruins your appetite. That's boloney, said Mr. Camell, do you mean to say I have lost my appetite? Do you mean to insinuate that I look like a starving Armenian? So then Mr. Larouette said he thought it would rain before morning.

Just then the meeting came to order and Miss Van Brower, that's the city clerk, read the minutes about how a lot of people wanted a bump fixed in there street or something.

After that Miss Van Brower read an invitation for the Trustees to attend a meeting in Watsonville on Feb. 14 but it seemed like all the Trustees had to deliver a valentine so Miss Van Brower said she would be the marter.

Then Miss Van Brower read a petition from some people who want to raise Mr. Englands celery, that's the town Marshall, and you really can't expect a town Marshall to live on a poultry sum when he has got a horse to support.

But Mr. Wood, that's a trustee, did not like the idee and he wanted to file it, and I guess Mr. England would feel awfully bad because no horse really likes to be filed. And then Mr. Denis, that's a Trustee, began to argue because he was in favor of raising the Marshalls celery too, and then they all began to have a bitter argument.

Well just in the middle of the argument the telephone rang and all the Trustees skowled and Mr. Frazier went to answer it. So I was feeling awfully thankful that I do not have any college boys disturbing me on the telephone anymore when I heard Mr. Frazier say, Yes, Margaret is here, but there is an important meeting going on and you can't talk to her.

Then I went over to the fone because I thought I would give the person a peace of my mind for disturbing the meeting and it was Allan Chase.

Well Margaret, said Allan, I thought you would like to go to the movies, I thought I would come and get you right away.

Well, I said, of all the impertinence. I guess you haven't got any sense disturbing me in the middle of an important meeting.

But the Trustees were arguing so loud that Allan couldn't hear me

at all, so I asked them please not to make so much noise because I should think they could see a girl was trying to give Allan Chase a peace of her mind on the telephone.

Well the Trustees skowled harder than ever and began to talk louder and Allan couldn't hear a word so I said well I will meet you in front of the postoffice in five minutes.

Then I went to get my notebook and Mr. Foster, that's a Trustee, was saying Well that's settled (thank goodness). So I asked Mr. Newbury. Who's settled? And Mr. Newbury glared at me because he was drawing a picture of Mr. Woods whiskers and did not like to be disturbed.

So then I noticed the Marshall and I went over and asked him what was settled and he beamed and said they were really going to raise his celery.

Well, then I went to the movies with Allan Chase and when I got home I told my family about the Trustees meeting and my mother said, Well, Walter, that's my father, they are going to raise the Marshalls celery, what do you think about that?

Well, said my father, that's the first sensible thing those trustees have ever done.

Which shows that while my father does not know much about politics, he is really awfully fond of horses.

February 17.—Well something quite annoying has happened and it started three weeks ago when I decided I would have a party because even a really intelligent girl should not be indebted to people. And you have got to ask them three weeks before the party so they will have plenty of time to brake there other dates.

So I called up Helen Judson, she goes with a dark boy and he has the most adorable mustash, and Helen said she had been planning to go to Berkly but she would put it off for a week.

So then I asked Mrs. Whitman, that's Mr. Paul Whitman's wife, the one that broke a base ball bat at the last Abalone League game. I mean Mr. Whitman broke it. Well Mrs. Whitman said she couldn't possibly come to my party on account she was going to Los Angeles, but then I told her how it was really going to be a lovely party so she said she would go to Los Angeles some other time.

Well after that I called up Vivienne Higgenbotham, she has a dog that a vegetarian gave her and she calls this dog Collie because Cauliflower is too hard to say. So Vivienne said she was awfully busy weeving but she would ask Mrs. Kuster for the day off.

Then I happened to remember yesterday was going to be my mothers birthday so I asked a lot of my mothers friends like Mrs. Lowell, that's Doctor Lowells wife, and Mrs. Demming and Mrs. Bostick and they all had a date or something but they said they would really be delighted to break it.

Well I don't actually know how it happened but it seems that I forgot to tell my mother about the party and also I forgot about it myself because when a girl is awfully busy reeding about Mr. Mencken you cannot expect her to remember things that happen three weeks ago.

So yesterday I went out riding with Chuck Williams and we did not get back until dinner time and my mother seemed awfully disturbed about something. So I said Well mother is anything wrong? So my mother said Well there certainly is. I certainly would like to know why you invited a lot of people here without telling a word to me about it. I had my cold cream and kid curlers on when they arrived and there wasn't a thing in the house to eat. I'd like to have you explain that, young lady.

Well I thought my mother must really be annoyed because usually she calls me Margaret and you can tell she is annoyed when she calls me young lady. So I thought it was best to stay over night with Jane Benton, in fact I think I will spend a week with Jane because they have such a good cook.

But I still don't see how people can expect a really intelligent girl to remember a party or something like that.

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Los Ranchitos, a new conception in subdivisions, is at the intersection of the Los Laureles and Carmel Valley Roads, 11 miles from Ocean Avenue, Carmel—30 minutes easy driving. There are no "lots" at Los Ranchitos, but acreage homesteads of two and a half acres and more. Enter by the gates to the graded roads, from the Los Laureles road, to inspect this property, which will be served by electricity and a modern water supply on or before May 1st, bringing the necessary comforts for home life to the most perfect spot, climatically, in this part of California, known for the quality of its sunshine, famed for its summer warmth—and yet only 11 miles from the Carmel Coast.

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# Barber Shop Ballads

By Winsor Joselyn

The fire engine came back up the street, its passengers disguised in varying makeups of water and charcoal. A moment later old Al limped into the little barber shop and sank into the nearest guest chair.

"I wasn't much of a fire, but the boys sure got some action."

And this led to details of the fire itself, which in turn led to other fires.

"Years ago, when I first come here," went on the original village news reel, "the fire alarm of the community—wasn't a city then—was the Mission bell. And that used to lead to some handsome results. Especially when half the people thought it was kids foolin' and the other half that it was the ghost of Serra. And by the time they heard it ringin' so violent so long, and suspected as how it was a fire and all run down there out of breath, they was just in time to run back again and see the house either in ashes or find it was only a sooty chimney."

Al squinted at the child in the barber chair, elevated on a box to put him within the barber's reach. The old man opined that the young man's pants were red, whereupon the latter stoutly said they were blue, and Al regretfully admitted he was color blind.

"Well," he pursued, "that sort of thing had to stop. So they begun usin' the uptown church bell."

"To make it more of a fire alarm, they put in a little bell alongside the big bell, and dropped its rope down near the front door, just like the big one. Idea of the little bell was that it could be rung faster and louder and longer."

"Not so bad. No, but I recall that in the middle of one week we heard the big bell, along toward sunset, goin' bong-a-bong, bong-a-bong, real slow and religious. We sort of knitted our eyebrows and tried to figure out who was goin' to church at that hour of the day, and on that particular day, too."

"About the time we'd agreed it was probably a special prayer meetin', and had got back to our horseshoe pitching, there busts out the doggondest racket from the little bell. Bong-bong-bong it hollers somethin' terrible, and yet the big one keeps right on ringin' too. So

we knowed that we had somethin' going on sure, and dropped the shoes right there."

He winked first one eye and then the other and then blinked both at once at the little boy in the chair. For which he got an enraptured round-eyed stare in return.

"Down we goes on the two-flat gallop, and here in the front hallway of the church is one of our artists haulin' on both ropes at once and he sure raised Ned with as for bein' so slow."

"And do you know, for the life of me, I can't remember a single thing about the fire besides that here trouble with the alarm? Shows how little things stick and the main thing goes clean out of your mind, don't it?"

He gave a slow shake of the head, then looked up brightly.

But there's one fire I do remember when they had to conscript fire fighters, and when you think of how nowadays they throw just dozens of unrecognized volunteers off of the fire wagon at every alarm, it makes you laugh.

"It was in the woods on the way to Monterey, just inside the city limits and fanned by a strong wind. My, my, but it sure roared through some of them places before we stopped it. Maddest crowd workin' in the smoke was some tennis players who'd been pulled right out of their game and made to fight the fire. Most as mad as bridge players would have been, but of course, nothin' madder than that."

"And what do you think? One of 'em got so hot up tellin' what an outrage it was that he had to come up there in his white pretties and get dirty that he didn't watch where he was standin' and had the soles of his rubber shoes burnt right through on a bed of hot coals. Sort of give him somethin' else to think about."

Al picked up the green sporting section of the newspaper, but before turning to find out how Uncle Bim Gump was progressing after his recent illness, he gave the youngster another broadside of winks, with variations.

Which didn't help the barber a bit as the child showed his delight by bouncing up and down on the box, and Al hid behind the paper in self protection.

before it had time to burn. The whole effect was strange, to a degree, bewildering. It was, then it was not, that's all.

A stone cistern alongside the house contained water. Some drew back, fearing that it would blow up. A half minute of steam, presto, it was gone. Relentlessly it rolled on until it encountered two beautiful, tall, flowering trees in full bloom, and with trunks 12 to 14 inches through. It surrounded them to perhaps the height of 10 feet, bent them over and slowly the tops came to the ground. The front of the flow was now 30 feet high. Majestically, satanically, irresistibly it rolled forward. One great hot boulder three or four feet through tumbled down the bank and lodged fairly between the gate posts, which it speedily set on fire. An odd feature of these boulders rolling off the flow is that they gather like snowballs, picking up material as they roll. For this reason they are called snowball lava. These balls rolling onto the roadway were the only form of danger present, for one could not tell how far they would roll. They caused several violent scampers.

Set back from the road opposite the Kaanana house perhaps a hundred feet was a small Catholic Church and graveyard. Though we could not see it go owing to an intervening thicket on a knoll, we heard the rending of the building and finally a few strokes of the bell as it fell tolling its own death.

A loss from a lava flow is not at first fully comprehended. When a house burns at least the site and the surrounding ground is left, possessing value. When a lava stream runs over it, the loss is absolute. Fifty years must elapse before it is even sparsely vegetated and 500 years at least before it is in any degree cultivatable; time enough for several other visitations.

5 p.m. The flow had now spread along the road past the first parking place and nearly to the quarry on the left hand side. From the bend where it first crossed the road to this point is at least 500 feet, perhaps more. At a guess, it may be assumed that it extended at least 200 feet beyond the bend, making 800 feet as the total width. The thickness on the road front was about 20 feet, and it may be safely assumed to be 30 feet or more at the bend. I should judge it to be half a mile below the road. About 5:20 three or four homeless chickens were driven out of the brush above the quarry where they had taken refuge. One of the chickens sailed over the road into a thicket directly in front of the now very slowly moving side flow.

7 p.m. The side movement along the road had now become very sluggish, in fact almost stopped. The mass was rapidly losing heat. What had been bright cherry red in the daylight was now a dull red in the fading daylight indicating a temperature about 400 degrees lower. Where the bright spots had been frequent earlier, they were much less frequent and much duller. The clinker rolling down the slopes was black and the jingling more pronounced. About 7:20 two Hawaiians, apparently laborers from somewhere, came hurriedly up, walked close to the scorching bank and laid an offering of some sort (part of which I took to be short lengths of sugar cane) directly on the hot lava and stopped there long enough to utter some sort of a prayer. Their faces were all but blasted when they came

back. From the action of the crowd of bystanders their act was highly meritorious.

7:30 p.m. At this time we left. The side flow along the roadway had reached the quarry but had not come over the top of its bank. Its motion was all but stopped. Downhill so far as sound is any guide, the advance seemed checked. Crowds were still rushing to the flow crossing, for we passed 99 autos bound in that direction on the road home.

(Continued next week)

## GUEST OF HONOR

Miss Ellen Starr, co-founder with Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, and still in residence there was the guest of honor of the Depart-

ment of International Relations of the Carmel Woman's Club on Wednesday afternoon. The club met at the residence of Mrs. Esther Teare, Ninth and Lincoln streets.

## Singer Store

James Parr, Agt.

800 Munras Ave., Monterey

Telephone 1091-J

New Electrics on display at

HILL'S PLACE

Carmel

## M. J. MURPHY

DESIGNER  
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Ninth Avenue and Monte Verde Street  
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Designers and Builders  
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Office, Perry Bldg., Ocean Ave.

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## WILLIAM T. MACHADO

Can furnish the rock you need for Garden Wall or Patio. He can select the best grade for your use. He will deliver it where you want it. Also furnishes, besides chalk and granite, sand, gravel, building material of all kinds, and does general hauling.

P. O. Box 424, Carmel

Phone 227

## THE BANK OF CARMEL

COMMERCIAL

SAVINGS

Safe Deposit Boxes  
Travelers' Checks  
Foreign Drafts

4% INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

## Flor de Monterey

FLOWER SHOP and office of the  
MONTEREY NURSERY

We have a large selection of annuals for Spring planting—hardy young plants ready to set out at once—which within a few weeks will make your garden a colorful place of joy and contentment. There is always a fresh stock of cut flowers on hand.

PREMOND STREET—Opposite Mission  
Flower Shop Phone, Mont. 926-J Nursery Phone, Mont. 748-J

# The Eruption Of Mauna Loa

By George F. Beardsley  
(Continued From Last Issue)

3:15 p.m. The huge, hot, smoking, moving demon reached the house. Everything was now hastily moved and the field telephone instrument jerked off the front of the house. The gable nearest the bank began to smoke, then to flame. Then the house was slowly pushed off its foundation. The corner next the moving bank was then lifted and the whole house

knocked down and overwhelmed with much groaning and creaking in protest to such rough usage. The structure was then pushed slowly over until the second story porch rested on the ground. The hot rock was now pouring into the house, rolling through it and splintering out the far end. It then slowly sank down like a foundering ship at sea and over it rolled the hot tide. The house did not burn. It was simply

# HERE'S WHAT THE EDITORS HAVE TO SAY

## CONGRATULATIONS, GENTLEMEN

When a town is building as rapidly as Carmel, it is difficult to hold it to a strict line aesthetically; so we can congratulate ourselves that we are getting so much real beauty in the mass of new construction, and should pass out liberal compliments to those who find that way in their planning. Dr. Kocher's contemplated building at Dolores and Seventh streets, for instance, a colored drawing of which adorns the Pine Cone office walls; and the intention of Pedro Lemos of Stanford University, as announced on the first page of this issue.

Every structure of beauty adds to Carmel's business value, puts a higher price upon its realty, gives additional revenues in rentals. The merchants here understand that. As between two buildings of equal advantage of locality, one ugly, the other artistic, there is a definite difference in rental values.

The same applies to dwellings. It costs no more to build with lines of beauty. Simplicity is inexpensive, yet may have the greatest charm. And whether the house is for sale, for rent, or to be used as the owner's home, that beauty is a value that can be figured in dollars and cents.

## ATTENTION! EYES RIGHT—ON PAGE TEN

The Pine Cone calls attention to an advertisement on Page 10 of this issue, asking for money for the Boy Scouts of America, and its local activities. There should be no trouble in raising the amount needed. The good done is too obvious to require explanations either in the newspapers or by a visiting committee. The money should come in, not be dragged from reluctant pockets.

What our boys may find to do in their spare time is a subject of importance to more than the boys' parents. Every one of us is interested, and vitally so. The Scouts movement has been the best answer to the problem. It provides an outlet for youthful energies, and has built boys into good men, and good citizens.

There has been careful planning in the work of this international organization for boys. To give them solidarity, it is fashioned upon military lines, although it has nothing to do with making soldiers other than as it makes disciplined men, it will necessarily make good soldiers. Yet the troop formation, the uniforms and the system of promotions, give that needed little thrill of adventure that brings boys into the organization.

It is an out-door movement primarily. It has the health-giving qualities of open-air living, of long tramps through woods and over hills, of camp life in the wild places. It teaches resourcefulness, and self protection, and it gives definite lessons in the promotion of life. First aid in case of accident, or of drowning, or in poisoning, is of the things learned by the scouts. And they are taught self reliance, and courage.

So, too, they are taught gentleness, and chivalry, and unselfishness; the placing of the other before themselves; the kindly act that seeks no reward; protection of animals, rather than their destruction; and they are given to learn the great lessons of prompt obedience to reasonable and authoritative command.

Read the advertisement on Page 10. Send or bring your check, or your coin or bill, as it directs; and help make Carmel's Boy Scout Troop a big part of the town's life.

## WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT A DROP IN RATES

With that breakwater hearing well behind it, we look to Monterey for action in the water-rate matter, and with a good deal of confidence in her getting results. Carmel's big brother over the hill has a certain quiet pugnaciousness that goes into battle very well. We watched how the campaign for government aid in the building of a breakwater was managed, and knowing the difficulties that be-

## Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

Established February 10, 1915.

Published Weekly by the Pine Cone Press Publishing Co.  
Entered as second-class matter February 10, 1915, at the postoffice at Carmel, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription rates: One year, \$2; Six months, \$1.25; Three months, 65c.  
The Carmel Pine Cone's circulation covers Carmel, and in addition circulates widely in the Highlands, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley and a large portion of the Peninsula. Its policy is to print the true news and promote the welfare of Carmel and the Peninsula section.  
PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

All display advertising must be in the Pine Cone office not later than Wednesday noon for insertion in the Friday issue. Display advertising rates will be furnished upon request.

## Twisted

My mother ate sweets and my father drank wine,  
And he was hale and she was merry.  
But somehow I missed all that was fine.  
Tho they were sound as a sweet red cherry  
My body is frail as a gossamer wing.  
A foot that stumbles, lips that leer,  
Nerves as taut as a fiddle's string,  
And speech that only devils hear.  
My heart a sacred and trembling thing,  
Eyes too bright and mind too queer.  
Oh, I love them, these parents of mine,  
And she loves sweets and he loves wine.

B. A.

## Requiem

By Joan Stafford

The sea has died tonight, I think  
Strive as I may to hear  
Its voice, no sound, no faintest  
Murmur greets my ear.

How well I've loved its every mood,  
Harked, when with sullen roar,  
And savage fists, it beat 'gainst  
Hard unyielding shore.

Or when with joyous steps it sped  
Lightly along the strand,  
And trailed soft creamy laces  
Over whiter sand.

At times I've heard it strangely sad,  
Sobbing so quietly;  
Again, becalmed and tranquil,  
Crooning rhythmically.

If it be dead, the moon will mourn,  
Stars will no longer be  
So gay, nor dance, without the  
Music of the sea.

## The Earthquake

After the crash,  
After the lesser shocks  
And tremblings,  
After the long hours  
Of sweating terror  
And sense of doom,  
What came?  
The still dawn,  
A bird song,  
And a drift  
Of gold acacia  
Shadowed on the screen.

—F. C. G.

## Romance

By Alyson Palmer

(Written for the Pine Cone)

I saw it tonight, half hidden from sight  
Far down near the Carmel sea,  
One pale little star in the dark of night,  
But it spelled Romance to me.

When night had gone it travelled on  
And was lost in a cypress tree,  
But somehow, between the dusk and the dawn  
It meant Romance to me.

set any project of the sort in these days of retrenchment, we fell satisfied that, whatever the result, Monterey did her part well.

But another battle quite as important is the matter of holding the monthly bills for water down where they have been—or lowering them, perhaps. This affects everybody on the Peninsula, each and every month of the year, directly and hard. It means flowers in our gardens, more of beauty, more fertility, besides the businesslike argument of the excessive cost of a vital product for factories and canneries.

Carmel is perfectly willing, ready and eager to do its share in the matter, but it would like to lean a bit on the broad shoulders of Monterey. It's a big job, getting the information needed to convince the Railroad Commission that double the customary charge is enough for us to pay for water. We haven't the machinery to do with, such as Monterey has. Turn loose your actuaries and engineers, let them dig deep into the mess, and tell us where and how we can help.

## ALL RIGHT—LET'S TALK DOLLARS

Are we regarding our trees in the proper light?

There are two stories in this Pine Cone that have to do with trees. One tells of the felling of cypresses on the sand dunes; the other, written by the vice president of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society of New York, deploras our neglect to fight tree disease.

We have—most of us—regarded these pines and cypresses casually; one more or less, what difference? If a view is obscured, take down a tree; if the entrance to a proposed garage is obstructed, take down a tree; if a corner is made a bit dangerous, take down a tree; if a street improvement is more difficult or expensive, take down a tree.

Each meeting of the Board of Trustees finds applicants for permits to take down trees; each meeting finds this casual regard for the trees. Referred to the Superintendent of Streets, with power to act—or to report back to the Board. Then the ax.

This, we respectfully submit, is not the way to consider Carmel's trees. Instead, each tree should be thought of as a thing of definite value—money value. When a request comes to the Board to cut a tree, the Board should say, this petitioner is asking for \$250 from the general fund. Is he willing to pay? Are we willing to give, even if he does pay?

Before any permit is considered, the applicant should be made to deposit a sum to compensate the city for loss of its trees. After that, the Board should carefully inspect the situation, see whether trimming of foliage might save a city asset, and endeavor to retain every dollar's worth of tree just as determinedly as it would a dollar in its bank. Not until our pines, oaks and cypresses come to mean dollars and cents to every one of us, can we hope to begin their conservation. No quicker way to make them have a dollar and cent value, than by making the applicant for the removal of a tree pay well for the advantage he gains.

## IT FILLS THE BILL

We write, moan and groan about the proposed, or rather requested, increase in water rates. We wait, with more or less breathlessness upon the findings of the railroad commission, that may result in more or less bathlessness.

And yet we have in full operation in our midst an iniquitous atrocity just as serious as any nominal increase in water rates may turn out to be. That is the telephone toll charge which severed Carmel from all the rest of the world, which takes five cents in money at never less than five cents worth of time to get a call over to Monterey or Pacific Grove or back from other points of the Peninsula to Carmel.

# TAKE IT, LEAVE IT, OR CHUCK IT AWAY

We not only suffer that, but we must recall that we earned our sufferings by signing on the dotted line the manuscript petitioning for the injury—and we have yet to meet signers of the petition, who do not regret their fall for the glib arguments of the gentlemen who came over the hill from Monterey full of promises.

Rates were to be lower. They are, literally, until you add the toll charges. Service was to be better. Well, it's no worse, but that is all that may be said for it. "No one will feel the toll charge of only five cents," but that "no one" is a rather rare bird. And many of us reflect that the telephone tolls of our little trade-at-home office on Dolores street would pay for the Boy Scout program of Carmel many times over, every year.

Probably nothing can be done about it. After all, we the people, signed on the dotted line. And this is a gloomy, rainy day on which the writer is doing his stuff. He felt there OUGHT to be something to kick about. And the toll system filled the bill.

## AMONG THOSE PRESENT—NOT

The Monterey Peninsula has more things started than a doughboy in France had cooties. There's the breakwater, the Junior College, the charter form of county government, a community chest, not to speak of numerous road and street improvements and minor local affairs. No use our saying that the peninsula

would be better off without most of them, but maybe it will help some to suggest that concentration of effort on one of these many affairs might tend toward a satisfactory ending of one beginning.

The world is full of good beginners, and full of poor finishers. Enthusiasm isn't a long-lived emotion. The ability of continued effort over a protracted term is rare. The few men who have and hold the fighting spirit through checks and reverses, are not enough to win battles. Why not drop a half dozen of these projects, set teeth into one, and by a united shake and wrangle, get it across?

A prominent statesman of Carmel told recently of the meetings he must attend in a week to keep up his end of the peninsula's vital projects. It sounded like the itinerary of a vaudeville act on the small-time. The meter on his car would have read up into big figures for mileage. He would get no night sleep at all. And any enthusiasm he ever owned would be dissipated over so many and such big affairs that it wouldn't have foot-pounds enough to move a feather.

Not for this little Pine Cone editor. We'll save our energy, and use our nights in sleep, and forego the mass-meeting habit. What enthusiasm is left in our shriveled soul will be carefully conserved for a Carmel issue. Which explains our absence from several important Monterey Peninsula functions this week—and next—and then some.

Oats," with a half dozen lines to say. Then Arthur Cyril used her as ingenue in a number of Arts & Crafts plays. She was always good, and a worker. Both George Ball and Edward Kuster have given her training.

Miss Judson is the daughter of C. Chappel Judson, the artist, now connected with the University of California. Her mother was Bessie Yard, daughter of Sidney Yard, the artist, and of Mrs. Yard, who still lives in Carmel, and who was a very fine elocutionist and reader at one time not far back. Helen is from talented stock, and I wouldn't wonder if she had her name in electric on Broadway some day. Her voice alone might take her there.

Several of Carmel's girls have gone on the professional stage from our amateur ones. Dorothy Maxton-Grahame was one of the first graduates. She is now Mrs. Hare, and has probably forgotten all about it, but when she played the leading woman in "The People's Attorney", at the Forest Theatre, she showed that distinction which lifts one from the amateur ranks; something hard to define, but very evident when seen.

Miss Maxton-Grahame got a job with a road show, and had a chance to do varied parts, to work hard, and spend more than her salary keeping her wardrobe up to requirements. Being leading lady in this poor, little bunch of troupers was excellent training, but couldn't offset the many disadvantages and discouragements. Miss Graham gave it up.

Marfan Devendorf, whose first appearance in Carmel was in "The Man from Home" at the Forest Theatre, went into Bishop's stock company at Oakland as a "walk-on" lady. She soon was getting good parts, and played the lead in one of the productions, but was taken by Mary Marble for the second part in a vaudeville skit she was using on the big-time. Miss Devendorf was a year or more on the road.

Katherine Cooke had her short time of professionalism with the Duffy company of San Francisco, but became press agent for the outfit, preferring newspaper work up acting. Also with the Duffy's went Jadwiga Noskowiak, a Golden Bough graduate, and I think she is still with them.

When we received our new telephone directories we noticed with a sigh of relief, and glow of honest pride, that Carmel had moved up from the obscurity of the back pages and the neighborhood of Salinas, Hollister, Gonzales and King City, to its rightful position next to and adjoining Monterey-Pacific Grove. Few of us, probably, know how this change for the better came about.

When I originally landed in Carmel in 1910, one of the first community propositions put up to me was to join a new organization, the Forest Theatre Society. Its promoter, secretary and membership committee—or the part that got my name on the roll—was a writer and poet, mighty active and aggressive, one Maude Lyons. She was also one of the principals in that first play of "David," and one

of its producers.

For many years, before she moved to the Highlands, Maude Lyons Hogle was an energetic worker in all community matters in Carmel. We often found ourselves on opposite sides of local issues, and as often as not she was leading a fight against me. Mighty bitter were some of those scraps. Often she won.

Well, Maude Isabel Hogle won a telephone directory scrap when the village of Carmel moved up to its proper place in the telephone directory. She is in business in Carmel, handling properties—mostly her own—and wasn't satisfied to have her, and Carmel's numbers lost in the appendix of that volume. She took the matter up with the company, and I have no doubt she spoke to them with directness and energy. She won. We all thank you, Maude Hogle.

With a list of novels as long as your arm, Holman Day means to me the man who wrote "Up in Maine" and "Pine Tree Ballads"—the sort of poetry that you can get your teeth into and find something to taste. When I first came west and was working on the Examiner,

Holman Day was one of the widest read writers of newspaper verse on our exchange list. He was on some Maine paper, I think, and got out the books of collected verse named above along the first years of this century.

Now he is writing prose and building plays, I suppose. I know that he's had one or two novels a year to his credit, and "Along Came Ruth" was on Broadway not so many years ago. I see him occasionally on Ocean avenue and always he says he is busy. But I wish Holman Day could thrill me again as he used to thirty years ago with poems that jumped out of their pages at me.

Grace MacGowan Cooke, with her sister Alice MacGowan now in Hollywood, has a new novel on the skids, I hear. Just what it will be named when Frederick A. Stokes Co., her publishers, get it out isn't certain, for that concern has its own ideas about the value of titles. They are apt to reject half a dozen before final decision is made.

Mrs. Cooke has a long string of books to her credit, and another list, in collaboration with her sister, almost as long. Also, though this maybe should be kept quiet, she is a poet of no mean ability—or in today's parlance, a mean poetry slinger. She has had verse published in many magazines.

The MacGowan-Cookes have lived in Carmel since 1908, having come here from Helicon Hall, Upton Sinclair's famed colony of intellectuals, after its destruction by fire. Before that, she was the first president of the Tennessee Woman's Press Club in 1897 and 1898. Her father, John Encliff MacGowan was editor of a Chattanooga paper, and one of the best known newspaper men in the south.

## CHICKENS SCATTERED

**SALINAS, Feb. 17.**—A miniature cyclone hit a group of chicken houses in Romie Lane, during the height of the storm here yesterday, demolished one building, moved another from its foundations and scattered 200 chickens over a wide area of landscape.

# People Talked About

Clara Genevieve Kennedy was a name well known to Hollywood not so many years ago. She was a scenario writer, film editor, and continuity writer in the Lasky studio, and afterward for the Metro-Goldwyn. She wrote the continuity for "The Dancing Fool," one of Wally Reid's best comedies. She was the author of "Glass Houses," and had a number of other successes in which Wanda Hawley and Ethel Clayton starred, to her credit. She was four solid years with Lasky. Now she is Mrs. Ivan M. Terwilliger, wife of the Reverend of Carmel's Community Church.

An item in a contemporary that "Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, head of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and prominent in Canadian and English politics," has purchased four acres of land at Pebble Beach for more than \$100,000, sent me to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, where I read, Volume 32, issued 1922, this bit of puzzlement: "died in London, Jan. 21, 1914. His barony passed by special remainder to his daughter, Margaret Charlotte, wife of Robert Jared Bliss Howard of Montreal (d.1921)." So, having no Canadian "Who's Who," or Blue Book, or Debrett, or whatever I should have to learn about titled foreigners, I will not tell you about Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Jaimes D'Angulo, who is alleged to have threatened with a rifle one Charles Rudd of the Big Sur, used to be a picturesque figure in Carmel before he sold his beautiful log-cabin home on Carmelo street, and went into the wildernesses of down coast. For a number of years he lived here, and made a dashing figure on his saucy cowboy in whose saddle he spent much of the time, while always there trailed him two great Siberian wolfhounds.

City Trustee Fenton Foster is known best in Carmel as a musician of merit, with the ability to train and direct both instrumental and vocal affairs of importance. His "Mikado" and "King Dodo" are musical comedy successes of recent remembrance; he has a sextette orchestra that plays at Arts and Crafts shows to advantage; his Carmel choral society was a worthy singing outfit; at the Masonic Club's minstrel show, he had a full orchestra that was a real asset to the performance. Himself plays the dog-house delightfully.

But over in Monterey, where men are businessmen, Fen Foster is a wizard of finance, and the manager of the Monterey Peninsula Building and Loan Association, that, according to the Peninsula Herald, "starting with nothing a little over a year ago, the community has shown its confidence in the company by placing \$134,746 in its hands for financing local homes." A bit complicated, but you'll get the idea. The community meaning the Monterey peninsula—let Fen Foster's company, which started with nothing, have a lot of its money to handle, and at a meeting of stockholders they "expressed complete satisfaction with the results of the first year's operation of that institution." Which might indicate that Fenton Foster is a double-faced man; meaning it kindly.

D. L. James, who is universally known in Carmel as the owner of that very picturesque home at the Highlands that seems to be built into the breakers of the sea, and on its rocky headland becomes a part of the cliff itself, has been so little here the past few years that many have not kept track of him. He used to be one of the best of our amateurs at the drama-thing. First showing his abilities as the spirit of romance, or something—

as Margaret would write in her diary—in Tusitala. That was back in 1913, I believe.

Afterwards, James played important roles in a number of plays put on by Bert Heron, and was always better than good. He had a fine figure, graceful carriage, and a magnificent voice. He was out here every summer, and a willing and able worker.

Now I hear that he has sold a play to the New York producer, Sam Harris, which in itself is no small task. Harris is hard-bolled, and has to see box-office before he'll even talk to a playwright. And this drama—of which I know the name, and not much else—has ten or twelve scenes, and about thirty speaking parts!

I'm sure it's good. "The Room" sounds like comedy, with mystery and melodrama added. Wouldn't do for Bert Heron at the Forest Theatre, I'm afraid. Nor with thirty speaking parts, for Ted Kuster or George Ball. Nor with ten scenes, for Rhoda and Dick Johnston. We'll probably all have to travel to San Francisco to get a peek at it.

This is the second play D. L. James has sold, though the first—"The Seed" was its name, I think—never saw the light of the foots. Charles Hopkins bought it, which would indicate that it was high-brow; and Hopkins reformed, and gave up being a dramatic producer before he got the play on.

Helen Judson is with the Berkeley Players now. The first play she was in, I prophesied that she would do professionally, and she is headed that way now. Her voice is distinctive enough to get her by, without a lot of other good points that she possesses.

I believe that her first appearance was as the maid in "Wild

# Amateur vs. Professional

By MAURICE BROWNE  
In Boston Transcript

A slightly bewildered student of men and things in California, holding no brief either for or against that long-stated State, observes, with interest but without comment—in his specialized preoccupation with those curious characteristics of human activity known as theatrical phenomena—that San Francisco is not merely dead dramatically but has been buried considerably more than its allotted three days, while Los Angeles, like a young mother in her educational centers, hobo centers, amateur dramatic centers, I.W.W. centers, and moving picture circumference—is torn with tremendous throes for theatrical partition and the Great Idea. He observes further the local "commercial" manager (the old misleading label still persists in California, as elsewhere) staging his show with a few competent professionals and many incompetent amateurs, the Equity smiling silently and benignly, and the man in the street speaking of the performance as professional—and staying away; he observes the "non-commercial" manager using, in similar proportions, equally competent professionals and more competent amateurs, the Equity still smiling benignly and silently, and the man in the street speaking of the performance as amateur—and flocking to see it. Finally, clinging like a half-drowned man to his memory of what once was Broadway, he observes three announced "non-commercial" theaters, of good size, marked beauty and excellent equipment, built during the past two years in the southern part of the state—in Pasadena, Carmel and Santa Barbara respectively. Helpless, liking or disliking the fact, he acknowledges it; if it confronts him in stone and clucco.

Fortunately, a critic concerned with the qualities of dramatic entertainment and of its housing rather than with the economic or sociological conditions of those qualities need only to indicate that the conditions exist—in bewildering profusion—and can proceed to examine the things done, simply as "things."

California's three Community Theater buildings differ from one another in many and interesting respects, but they are alike in one: each is an honest-to-God theater. To those of us accustomed to associate such and similar enterprises with fourth-floor-backs, ex-saloons, remodelled stores, stables, bankrupt churches, women's clubhouses and college auditoriums, the fact is its own comment.

Undoubtedly the most beautiful of the three is Carmel's Theatre of the Golden Bough; undoubtedly, too, it is architecturally the most adventurous and the worst equipped. Undoubtedly also the Pasadena Community Playhouse is the best equipped and theatrically the most significant of the three; in fact, it may be urged—it is urged here—that it alone is theatrically significant.

The Carmel Theater differs from the other two in not being strictly a community theater at all; it was built for his own pleasure by a retired Los Angeles lawyer, a wealthy amateur of drama, Mr. Edward O. Kuster, much as Sir Barry Jackson built the Birmingham Repertory Theater (which, however, is

otherwise conducted); the remaining two were built by popular subscription. Not nearly so substantial in construction as the others, it has nevertheless a magical quality which they lack; varying reports credit its architecture and decoration to Mr. Kuster himself, to Mrs. Kuster, and (probably without a shadow of truth) to some obscure and impoverished artist who, the gossips say, was "used"; though the theater is to speak truth, "jerry-built," as the English phrase goes, yet its architect, whoever he was, brought to his work a singing freedom of imagination and true creative power. The style may be unkindly described as Angeleno-Saracenic by those familiar with its baser manifestations in the beflagged sub-divisions of the Southern California "realtor"; but the label is not only unkind but unjust, for the building has authentic beauty. In that particular quality—is any more important?—no playhouse known to me surpasses it, except the Exposition Theater of Cologne.

It is adventurous, too: it has a full sky-dome, a large forestage, wide colonnaded aisles, robing armchairs (unhappily of squeaky wicker), and the switchboard and dimmer bank are set—rather as in the great hall at Hellerau—above the heads of the audience, at the back of the house, whence the electrician has that uninterrupted view of the stage which is essential in a modern theatre. While placed in an advantageous position, they are, however, so badly arranged that the electrician working the dimmers has his back directly to the stage, and they are equally badly built; if I knew the name of the firm which did the work, I would pillory it; presumably the same firm supplied the tin-can spotlights and floods. The Santa Barbara stage-lighting equipment is adequate, hardly more; that at Pasadena first-rate. The latter theater was, I understand, designed and installed under the supervision of Mr. Claude D. Seaman. In neither of these two houses is the switchboard set as advantageously as at Carmel, but in both, particularly at Pasadena, the equipment itself is greatly superior. In the Pasadena and Carmel houses an interesting experiment has been made, in having the forestage lighting units architecturally embodied in auditorium ceiling beams, side pillars and the like; in neither case has the experiment proved altogether successful, particularly at Carmel, but the principle seems to be sound; only details are at fault. The auditorium lighting of the Santa Barbara theater is but moderately up-to-date; that of the Carmel theater is good; and that of the Pasadena theater, while the electricians have not yet learned to handle it to the best advantage, promises to be excellent.

Acoustically, the Carmel theater is perfect, that in Pasadena good; the Lobero (the Santa Barbara house) is said to be not so good; the audience's difficulty in hearing there does not, however, seem due to the architect. Both the Pasadena and Santa Barbara houses have excellent greenrooms and dressing-rooms; the dressing-rooms in Carmel are fair, but the general backstage accommodation of the Golden Bough is as far inferior to that of the Lobero as the latter's

is to that of Pasadena, or as the average theater of ten years ago is to that of the Golden Bough. Neither Santa Barbara nor Carmel have painting lofts, and in both all building has to be done outside the theater, on the stage, or in some similar unfitting place; both, it is said, plan to build adjacent workshops in the future. In the Carmel theater, a year ago, it was against the house rules—and, presumably, it still is—to drive a nail or floor-screw into the stage; the fact (it is a fact) has its significance. Pasadena, which has wisely chosen a plaster back-wall in preference to a sky-dome, is not only well equipped with workshops already, but those workshops and the entire intercommunicating and interorganizing systems of the theater are arranged with a practical knowledge of theater needs which could hardly be surpassed; in fact, no theater known to me, either in this country or in Europe, not even excepting the Cologne Exposition

Theater, has, for its size, equally good backstage accommodations.  
(Continued to page 11)



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# Artists and Writers and Such

## Sunshine All Time In Botke Studios

To while away a stormy afternoon in the Botke studio is indeed time well spent. For, despite torrents of rain and skies of melancholy gray outside, within the studio there seems to be imprisoned sunshine, reflected in all the gay pictures, in the pleasant furnishings and in the warmth of the great fireplace.

And, though the object of your visit may have been primarily to see the pictures, you are sure to be equally impressed with the artists themselves.

They are a genuine couple, the Botkes; one fancies that the cares of the world oppress them not at all, and that they laugh a great deal and somehow possess that gift of being always happy. And, though their work is as different as night and day, each manages to bring to his or her canvas that quality and love of life that each has.

At present Mrs. Botke is specializing in bird lore. Perhaps the most fascinating of all her decorative panels are her peacock studies; white ones with proud and regal bearing, varicolored ones that flaunt wide spread chiffon tails. One can imagine them posing on some old Roman terrace.

Then there is the charming study of Two Black Swans resting in a still pool where green and white lilies grow, and weeping willows trail slender green leaves along the water.

Mrs. Botke has just completed a canvas of colored cockatoos, painted after she had made a thorough study of the collection of Australian birds owned by Mrs. Marcey Woods of Monterey.

Cornelius Botke paints landscape and his work is beautiful and vigorous, although the strength of his brush is hidden beneath soft tones and colors. He has personality, imagination and idealism, gifts that cannot be attained but are inherent qualities upon which fine technique depends.

He is what we may poetically call "A Moonlight Philosopher," for there is hardly a night that boasts a moon when he is not out of doors. Quite often his rising time is four o'clock in the morning, that hour when all nature is ethereally beautiful. When all the shades and shadows of the moonlight are impressed upon his mind, the artist returns to his studio and paints the scene from memory.

He has one such characteristic canvas: a little white cottage nestling under great eucalyptus trees, through whose touselled branches the moonlight sifts in yellow and silver patchwork patterns.

Mr. Botke has a number of small canvases done in Holland, in the quaint old-world towns of Leyden and Haarlem. There is one narrow, cobbled street with odd little shops and ancient, red roofed houses, of faded brick—a street where centuries have come and gone pleasantly. Between the roofs of the houses one sees the gray outline of an old, old church, and one expects at any moment to hear the mellow tones of its cathedral bell and see the rosy cheeked peasants clumping over the cobbles in their wooden shoes.

Outside the torrent of rain has

become a slow drizzle. The sun is even trying to escape from the Botke's studio into the sky again, but it will leave a few of its golden rays there with those two delightful occupants, with the gay pictures, the pleasant furnishings and the warmth of the fire.

## NEW BOOKS AT THE GAME COCK LIBRARY

The Game Cock Library has just received a number of the very newest books. Among them are: *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*, by Dorsey; *Outline History of China*, written by Cowen and Hall, and said by well known critics to be the latest and most authentic of any up-to-date history of the country; *The Wind of Complication*, by Susan Ertz, whose "Afternoon" has made her famous; *A Woman in Exile*, by H. A. Vachel, who is known in Carmel; *Hula*, a most interesting account of the Islands by a woman who is thoroughly familiar with the subject; *Armine Tempaki*; *The Ruin*, by West, a new book that is causing much controversy; and *Robert Wallace Ritchie's* latest book, *Deep Furrows*, which will be of the utmost interest to all Carmelites. The story centers around the prune orchards of lower California, and is a tale of mingled action and psychology.

## JOSELYN NEEDS YOUR SYMPATHY

Talbert Josselyn is now at his home in the Eighty Acres receiving condolences. He will remain there indefinitely, following the shock of seeing that his short story, "The Bracelet," had not been mentioned in O'Brien's selections, but had been included in second choices of the O. Henry book of fiction.

For the past two years his name has appeared among hundreds of others in Mr. O'Brien's publication. But this year he was passed by. And thus his condition is all the more precarious as he finds himself alone among Carmel authors in the brief list of O. Henry's book of the year.

## FAMED TRAVELER AT ALL SAINTS CHURCH

Dr. E. Guy Talbott, Ph.D., well known as author, lecturer and traveler, will speak in All Saints Episcopal Church on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.

Dr. Talbott has traveled extensively in Europe and Asia, and is familiar with conditions in the Near East countries, including Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine and southern Russia. He is a regular contributor to *Current History*, the *Review of Reviews*, and to historical and religious magazines.

His subject at All Saints Church next Sunday morning will be "Present Conditions in Bible Lands." Everyone is invited to attend.

## ART NOTES

Armin Hansen will be in the Exhibition of International Graphic Arts, to be held in Florence, Italy, during the months of March and April this year, with three etchings, all interpretations of the fisherman's life about the bay of Monterey.

Evelyn McCormack has recently sold two paintings of Monterey scenes in San Francisco.

Ina Perham, who has been in San Mateo and San Francisco visiting relatives for a couple of months, is back in the studio which she shares with Lucy Pierce on the Mesa Road.

The Blanding Sloan exhibition of wood-blocks and etchings which is now being held at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco is drawing large and enthusiastic audiences. Mr. Sloan is giving demonstrations of wood-block and etching processes, in which he is showing the methods of printing from the wood-blocks and plates. He is also demonstrating his work by printing in both black and white and color.

Cornelius and Jessie Arma Botke are representing the Carmel colony by pictures now being shown at the Oakland Annual Exhibition.

The San Francisco Telephone building is one of the prints exhibited at the S. G. Gump gallery in San Francisco by Johan Hagemeyer of Carmel.

## AMATEUR VS. PROFESSIONAL (Continued from page 10)

The Pasadena Playhouse has a balcony as well as a main floor, and seats about 820; the playhouses at Santa Barbara and Carmel have one floor only, and seat approximately 650 and 300 respectively; the Carmel Playhouse would seat over 600, had not its owner generously given his patrons armchairs.

In Pasadena and Carmel, the orchestra is concealed under the fore-stage, which, in Pasadena and Santa Barbara, is much smaller than at Carmel and can be removed at will—if the will be sufficiently determined; in Santa Barbara there is a musician's gallery at the back of the auditorium.

The architectural style of the Pasadena Playhouse may roughly be described by a layman as Mexican, that of the Lobero as Spanish. The charm of the former's exterior approximates to that of the The-

ater of the Golden Bough; in both, the architects have courageously faced the difficult and usually shirked architectural problem of making the stage-house beautiful and have come within measurable distance of success; the exterior of the Lobero, while pleasing, is not comparable with either of the others. In the Lobero's interior, which might have been attractive, two astounded pseudo-Greek columns find themselves flanking the stage; the Pasadena interior though too ornate, is homogenous; its asbestos curtain—a painting of a great Spanish galleon by Mr. Alton S. Clark—is striking. Neither interior has the simple loveliness of the Golden Bough. The Pasadena architect was Mr. Elmer Grey, with Mr. A. Dwight Gibbs as his associate; the architect of the Lobero was Mr. George Washington Smith (presumably present at, but not responsible for his christening.)

The Carmel stage is handled by non-Union help; the Pasadena house has reached an equitable agreement with the local Stagehands Union—an agreement reflecting much credit on both parties to it—whereby certain of its crew are Union men and others non-Union apprentices; the Lobero, planned as a non-Union house, was built—report has it—in order that the Community Arts Association of Santa Barbara, which (in effect) operates it, might contrive to avoid paying for an indefinite number of years the vast sums which, the Association claimed, were extracted from it by the local Union, so long as it occupied the Union theater which it formerly rented. It is more interesting, therefore, to observe that the Lobero is strictly Union. The Carnegie Foundation, which sponsors and endows the Community Arts Association of Santa Barbara, is doubtless satisfied.

Fine theaters, however, are of small account, unless they house productions and audiences worthy of their buildings. Santa Barbara.

Pasadena and Carmel are—fortunately—exceptional communities. The two former are imperially wealthy, with everything uncomplimentary which two such words imply; the latter, except during the summer, is a sort of cross by Main street on Greenwich Village in the open air (the phrase is not nearly so obscene as the fact); in the summer, however, Carmel is visited by many human beings and dogs. (Continued to page 15)

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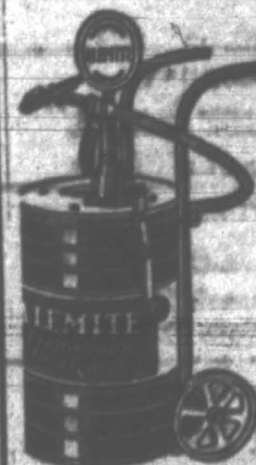
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# Spotlight and Back-stage

## Audience Likes

### Kuster Plays

Edward Kuster scored another success when he presented his second offering of the season, *The Three Short Plays*, last Friday and Saturday nights at the Theatre of the Golden Bough.

The first play, "The Intruder," by Maurice Maeterlinck, was marked by able direction, splendid acting and a beautiful setting. The latter, designed by Peter Friedrichsen, featured three tall, stained glass windows and the soft blue light thrown upon them added much to the weird and shadowy atmosphere.

The action of *The Intruder* takes place in a Mediaeval Chateau and, although Maeterlinck fixed his play at no definite historical period, the costume of the middle ages was certainly most appropriate.

When the intruder, symbolical of Death, stalks into the peaceful quiet of the castle on the old grandfather, in his blindness, feels the presence of the grim visitor.

Herbert Heron played the grandfather to perfection. Never once did his voice lose its high pitched tone—never once did his hands forget the frail gestures of old age.

As the father, Nels Hillstrom was excellent, and Eugene Watson was well cast as the skeptical uncle.

The three daughters, who minister to the old man's every whim, were played by Alys Snow, Elizabeth Harrey and Lolita Stubblefield. Their costumes were beautiful and effective in the pale half light.

Perhaps the most dramatic part of *The Intruder* was the moment when the Sister of Mercy entered to bring news of the death. She stood in a pathway of light, with head bowed and hands folded

against her black gown, then made the sign of the Cross and retraced her steps from the room. Then only did the family realize that the intruder had entered while they scoffed at the old man.

Small though the role of the nun was, it gave Tommi Thomson opportunity to display her great dramatic possibilities.

The second of *The Three Short Plays*, Lady Gregory's "Workhouse Ward," was more in the nature of a comedy, although it had through it a distinct thread of pathos.

The *Workhouse Ward* was presented in Carmel six years ago, with Argyll Campbell and Edward Kuster. In the last presentation of it the cast was George Ball, Kuster and Helena Heron.

The play deals with two bedridden paupers who believe themselves to be mortal, and life long enemies. Even with the white iron pots in the *Workhouse Ward* for their battleground, they continue the warfare of words, hotly arguing upon every subject they mention. The noble ancestry of the McKells and the blue-blooded lineage of the McInerney's is most in dispute.

Then there arrives Honor Donahue, ably played by Mrs. Heron. Having come into a comfortable sum of money she desires to have her brother, Michael McInerney, share her home. The old pauper is childishly happy over the prospect but refuses to forsake his dear enemy in the adjoining cot and vainly pleads with his sister to accept them both, for, he says, two invalids put together make one strong man.

In anger the sister departs and McInerney, who has given up comfort and happiness for his companion begins again to belittle the McKells. So, with bitter wrangling and pillows flying, the play closes.

George Ball and Edward Kuster ably filled the difficult roles. In make-up, expression and dialect, they were wonderful and delighted the audience at both performances.

Then there is John Millington Synge's "Shadow of the Glen," last upon the program, but by no means least. Another great cast, small but memorable and each character worthy of mention.

Miss Tommi Thomson had further chance to prove her versatility and played the difficult role of the romance-starved Nora Burke with charming simplicity that bespeaks rare talent and knowledge of the drama.

Edward Kuster made much of the entirely different type of role that was his as Daniel Burke, the old man who pretends to be dead to try the fealty of his young wife.

Herbert Heron, with changed voice and manner, gave an excellent character study of The Tramp and added another worthy role to his already long list.

Peter Friedrichsen played Michael Dara, Nora's young lover, and proved that he can act as well as design pleasing stage settings.

All in all the program was one of great merit and will go down in Carmel Theater history as another milestone of success for Kuster and *The Golden Bough*.

Mrs. Gilman, of Casanova street, with her daughter, Miss Cordelia Gilman, have motored to Berkeley. They will return later in the spring.

## Full of Romance

### Is Summer Play

"If I were King!"—hundreds of men must have said it, back there in those troublous times of 15th Century Paris. For the Burgundians were at the very gates of the city, and the king, Louis the 11th, did nothing but consult astrologers and worship the little leaden images of the saints he wore upon his hat, while all Paris seethed with treachery and dread.

"If I were King"—many must have said it. But when Francois Villon, dissolute, drunken, lovable poet said it, in his favorite tavern, King Louis heard him.

And there is your play.

Louis, slipping about his city in disguise, sitting, an insignificant little old man in a corner of the Fircone Tavern, sees the tattered poet enter. "The strangest knave in all Paris," his confident tells him. "One Francois Villon, scholar, poet, drinker, swordsman, drabber, blabber, good at pen, at point and at pitcher. Judge for yourself."

And the king, listens, and judges, when Villon, tipsy and excited, recites his latest ballade:—

"The figure on the throne you see is nothing but a puppet, planned To wear the regal bravery Of silken coat and gilded wand.

Not so we Frenchman understand The Lord of lion heart and glance.

And such a one would take command

If Villon were the King of France."

He shouts out his brave lines, and Louis, bitter, wryfaced, sardonic, makes his plan to use and to punish this braggart.

He explains it to Villon in the second act. "This poor devil shall taste power," I said. "I will make him my Grand Constable for a week

Seven days of power, seven days of splendour, seven days of love . . . And in a week's time you will build me a gibbet in the Place de Grave, and there your last task as Grand Constable will be to hang Master Francois Villon."

And there is more of your play.

The poet's valor leaps to the challenge. Desperately and gayly he plays his game. He has his week; he has power and splendour; he defeats the Burgundians; he wins back security for Louis; he sees love in the eyes of the lady he has adored as a star in heaven—and at the end of his glittering week he is displayed to her scorn as a cheat and a liar, and stands before Paris a condemned man, ready for the gallows. The king, smiling wryly, asks, "Does Master Francois Villon beg for life?" and he replies, "No, Sire. Master Francois Villon played, and Master Francois Villon pays."

And then in the good old romantic way the miracle is wrought, and scorn is lost in love, and life and death away in the balance till the ding cries, "True man and true woman, to each others arms!" and darkness closes on that fierce old world.

And your play is over.

## CELLIST RETURNS TO

### CARMEL HOME

Frederick Preston Search, who has been on musical engagement in San Francisco during the sickness of his wife at the Stanford Hospital, is now returning to Carmel for his Del Monte Mid-Winter Concert Season, reopening tomorrow and continuing for ten weeks. As musical director for the Del Monte Properties Company, which position he has held for ten years, Search is bringing a trio for his regular weekly concert offerings at Del Monte Hotel and Pebble Beach Lodge. Music lovers will be interested in the splendid programs which will be announced later.

Search will resume musical teaching, and with the availability of his trio of artists, will be able to offer exceptional opportunities for instruction on the cello, saxophone,

violin, piano and composition. His wife, Mrs. Opal Search, now convalescing after three months of serious sickness, is also returning and will be at the home of the cellist's father.

## BECHDOLT TALKS

### TO THE MASONS

Carmel's Masonic Club was well entertained last Tuesday night when Frederick R. Bechdolt talked of the old California trails at the regular weekly meeting. A large attendance of club members together with friends, listened with intense interest to a story, or a series of tales, that brought a vivid picture of the history of California. After the talk, refreshments were served and the improvements in the club house inspected.

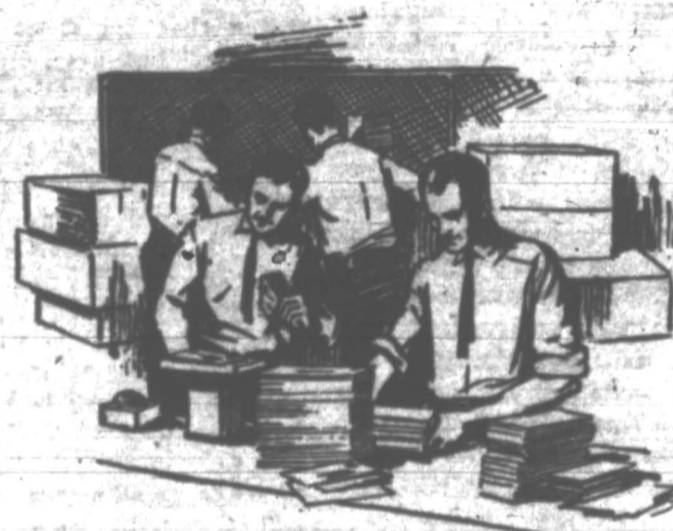
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Laura La Plante

TUESDAY

**"The Ice Flood"**  
Kenneth Harlan  
Viola Dana

WEDNESDAY

**"Exit Smiling"**  
Jack Pickford

THURSDAY

**"Runaway Express"**  
A Railroad Dramatic Thriller

FRIDAY

**"Taxi Taxi"**  
Edward Everett Horton

# The Temporary Sewage Disposal System

By WILLIAM L. TOWER

It is alleged that the community of Carmel is different, a contention which may be conclusively proven provided that the argument is properly restricted by definition and stipulation. But in the matter of sanitation, especially in the problem of sewage, this community is exactly like tens of thousands of others both at home and abroad: in all the sewage problem is vexatious. The community of Carmel can claim no especial distinction in these matters because

distinction implies something out of the ordinary, whereas our local situation is very ordinary indeed.

Sewage, in today's understanding, is the spent water of the community gathered into pipes, canals or ditches and used in its last community service as the common carrier of certain kinds of waste away from our homes and places of business. In ancient times sewers were merely drainage arrangements, into which, if convenient, the waste from human life and activity might be dumped. Such are the present sewers of Paris, drainage arrangements, with the sanitary side as an incidental afterthought.

Modern sanitary sewage practice arose out of the demonstrations of the nineteenth century that the pollution of soils, ground waters, wells, springs, streams, lakes and ocean shores by human waste products was a constant and potent cause of severe epidemics and of their continuation. In ancient and medieval times, over most countries of the world and among primitive peoples in general, sanitation as we understand it in England and the United States today was almost unbelievably bad: and it still is. Cholera, typhoid, plague and a score of other diseases did and still do ravage the earth in epidemic form and as one result of a severe cholera epidemic in England in 1855 passed a Nuisance Removal Act which was, perhaps, the first general legislation upon these problems.

Modern statutory provisions concerning sanitation take their origin in the police power which Common Law delegates to legislative bodies and such legislation in derogation of the Common Law in all civilized countries takes its rise, is limited and in general enforced by what public opinion, the governed, desires to accomplish. This aspect of the situation is fortunate for the reason that each community is a problem by itself and must be treated as such both in the creation of disposal systems and in the ordinances enacted for their maintenance and use.

The problems of the Carmel community are specifically its own. We can profit from the mistakes and experiences of others but we cannot satisfactorily solve our problems by merely copying what some other community has done. Whatever is done in this community, if done properly, will be most particularly our own.

A year ago the Carmel community had certain sewage collection and disposal equipment, badly needed more sewers but could not use those which already existed without creating a dangerous health menace as well as a neighborhood nuisance. The situation was a red flag to the community and early in May, 1926, unkind Fate and other influences made the writer custodian of this flag. On becoming President of the Board of Trustees of the local Sanitary District, a brief experience showed all the Board that more administration and less debate was urgently needed and, in consequence, adequate power was duly delegated to the President to make him, in fact if not in name, the manager of the District.

Two problems confronted the un-

happy victim of an unholy mess: first, the need for some form of sewage disposal to be made available at the earliest possible moment; and, second, study of the local problem and derivation of a solution that should be adequate, within our means and which could be expanded as the community grows. Within the year 1926 the first problem has been solved and this News Item is concerned with the temporary solution.

At the start there existed certain collecting laterals, trunk lines, a glorified concrete cesspool, politely labeled a Cameron septic tank, sixty-four one-hundredths of an acre of wind-blown sand, putrescent matter and raw sewage cluttering up the beach and a thoroughly irritated community. Further, the Trustees of the Sanitary District lived, moved and had their being conditioned and impeded by an inadequate and cumbersome Enabling Act of the vintage of 1891; and, in addition, two governing bodies had concurrent jurisdiction over part of the territory, so that in total composition it was the worst situation it has ever been the writer's misfortune to encounter.

Whatever was to be done in the matter of an emergency system of disposal, of necessity had to center around the "Septic Tank." Our "Septic Tank" is a contraption of French origin (which they have long abandoned), brought to the United States by Cameron and widely advertised as a permanent cure for local sewage ills. Several hundreds of them were built in this country, proved varyingly unsatisfactory, and have now, for the most part, gone out of use. Our local tank is the worst one the writer and six engineers who have inspected it have ever seen. In reality it is nothing more than a glorified cesspool.

Owing to faulty construction and lack of care, the local "Septic Tank" is in very bad condition. The foundations and floor are inadequate for the load imposed and the concrete was made from un-screened river gravels, containing large chunks of limestone, chalk, rock and other soft materials so that the upper walls and roof are much corroded and are none too secure. The thin construction of foundation, floor, walls and roof as well as improper care have resulted in a badly cracked tank and to cap the tale, the larger part of the tank lies within the highway (Scenic Road) and not within the property lines whereon it is supposed to be. The ground plan of the temporary disposal system shows this fact according to surveys made by the County Engineer. The tank was solid full of sludge and the effluent therefrom was raw sewage plus bits of putrescent sludge carried out and dumped upon the beach and the odor of it was glorious. Dogs played and rolled in this effluent, barefooted children waded through it and by night the odors from it drifted hither and yon to the delight of the neighboring residents.

The original plan called for an outfall line into the rocks below the Wells property, at which point sewage, sludge and all the iniquity gathered by a sewer system were to be delivered into the custody of Carmel Bay;—in reality to be thrown back upon the rocks and shore. The community is fortunate that this line was never built and that the sued-for right of way was contested. Natural conditions determined the character of the present temporary disposal system of which the chief factor was the area

of deep, coarse sand owned by the community. Desire to give temporary service at the least possible expense determined the materials and structural methods used because it was realized that this plant and location must soon be abandoned.

## The Temporary Sewage Disposal Plant

In the accompanying Figure the ground plan of this plant is shown together with the modifications of the Cameron tank and a schematic plan of the steps in sewage disposal. All this work had to be done as individual odd jobs because the tank was full of sludge, raw sewage flowed into it all the time with no method of diverting it, so that none of the work could be straight-forward construction. It was truly an endless succession of odd jobs.

The plant as constructed consists of the following essential parts:—

First, a sedimentation tank to separate as much of the sewage solids (sludge) as possible from the water. For this purpose the old Cameron tank was converted into a well baffled, plain sedimentation tank with hopper bottom and adequate clean-out valves opening into the sludge lines to convey the sludge to the sludge digestion tank.

Second, a group of devices, for convenience called controls, which serve to control the effluent from the sedimentation tank, sterilize it by chlorination when needed, measure its amount and distribute it to the filters.

Third, a group of filter beds with appurtenances for the final purification of the water and for its disposal.

Fourth, a sludge digestion tank to serve as a receptacle for the separated sludge and for its digestion, as well as to provide a convenient way of cleaning the sedimentation tank.

## How the Sewage is Disposed Of,

First stage: Sedimentation. — The incoming stream of sewage at the disposal plant is governed by well known hydrostatic laws in that its power to transport materials depends upon its volume and rate of flow. If the rate of flow be suddenly checked, then its load is dropped, sorted out according to size and weight, producing a delta of stratified material. The sedimentation tank for sewage does the same excepting that the system of baffles and passages intensified the settlement and sorting of the transported solids. The Figure shows how the old Cameron tank was converted to this use. In the first chamber, through the sudden slackening of the rate of flow, 50 per cent of the suspended solids is removed and every Saturday morning these are moved to the sludge digestion tank and the compartment flushed out. A monkey wrench to open the clean-out valve, a hose, one man and two hours time are all that the weekly cleaning requires.

In the second chamber fine-grained sludge, grease, fats and oils are separated out. In the third still finer materials, and the last of the flocculent sludge, while the fourth or out-fall chamber has clear water with finely divided matter of microscopic dimensions. Some 50 per cent of all sewage solids is removed in the first chamber; about 25 per cent in the second and 10-15 per cent in the third, with 10-15 per cent, consisting of particles of microscopic size, passing out in the effluent. Present service requires the cleaning of the first chamber once each week and of the remainder, once each month. As the load upon the system increases, this cleaning, part passu,

will become more frequently needed.

This arrangement and care of the sedimentation tank keeps it clean and sweet so that even at the end of the month the odor resulting is detectable only at the outfall valves of the filter beds. Our local sewage contains perhaps one thousand part of solid matter to one million parts of raw sewage so that the effluent goes to the filter beds with from one to two hundred parts per million of microscopic solids. These solids are at least 90 per cent water, so that the actual dry solids to be removed from the filter beds are from 10 to 20 parts per million of the initial sewage inflow.

Sedimentation is most effective and is being increasingly used in high-grade sewage practice as a convenient, efficient means of separating the suspended solids, thereby giving a clearer effluent, more easily disposed of but still dangerous because of the ever present menace of disease producing bacteria therein. Consequently this effluent must be further treated to render it safe and this is accomplished in the second and third steps of the process.

## Second Stage: Controls

After the cleared effluent flows from the sedimentation tank it passes through a group of devices for convenience collectively called effluent controls. These comprise means of measuring the total volume and fluctuations in the flow, devices for sterilizing the effluent by chlorine and devices to regulate the distribution of the effluent to the filter beds. The local plant will eventually have a chlorinating machine. The installation of this machine has been postponed for two reasons: first, in order that the machine, when purchased, may be one that will also be adapted to use in our permanent plant; second, the existing load does not demand chlorination because no effluent passes beyond the filters.

## Third Stage: Filtration

In the third stage the effluent is finally purified by filtration. The filter beds in the local plant are inclined instead of being horizontal as is the customary practice. When the filter beds are horizontal, the suspended solids soon cement over the top, binding the sand grains together so that water does not readily soak away. This necessitates large beds and much attention. The land area available was inadequate for large beds, consequently a different system was employed.

In the construction of the filter beds the average weight and size of the sand grains were determined and then the gradient or slope of the beds was fixed at a value such that the flow of effluent over them would keep the sand grains rocking but would not transport them to any appreciable extent. This constant rocking of the sand grains markedly retards film formation so that the porosity of the beds diminishes slowly. As shown in the Figure, each filter bed has five levels, each inclined as stated. Each level has a surface area of 300 square feet and two of these levels absorb the water from seven days sewage or approximately 500,000 gallons (this is the present rate of sewage collection and delivery per week).

The beds are used alternately and every Saturday the flow is diverted to a freshly raked and cleaned bed and the one put out of service is allowed to purify for a week. Drying, oxidation and the action of sunlight speedily sterilize the fine, black sludge that accumulates and at the end of the

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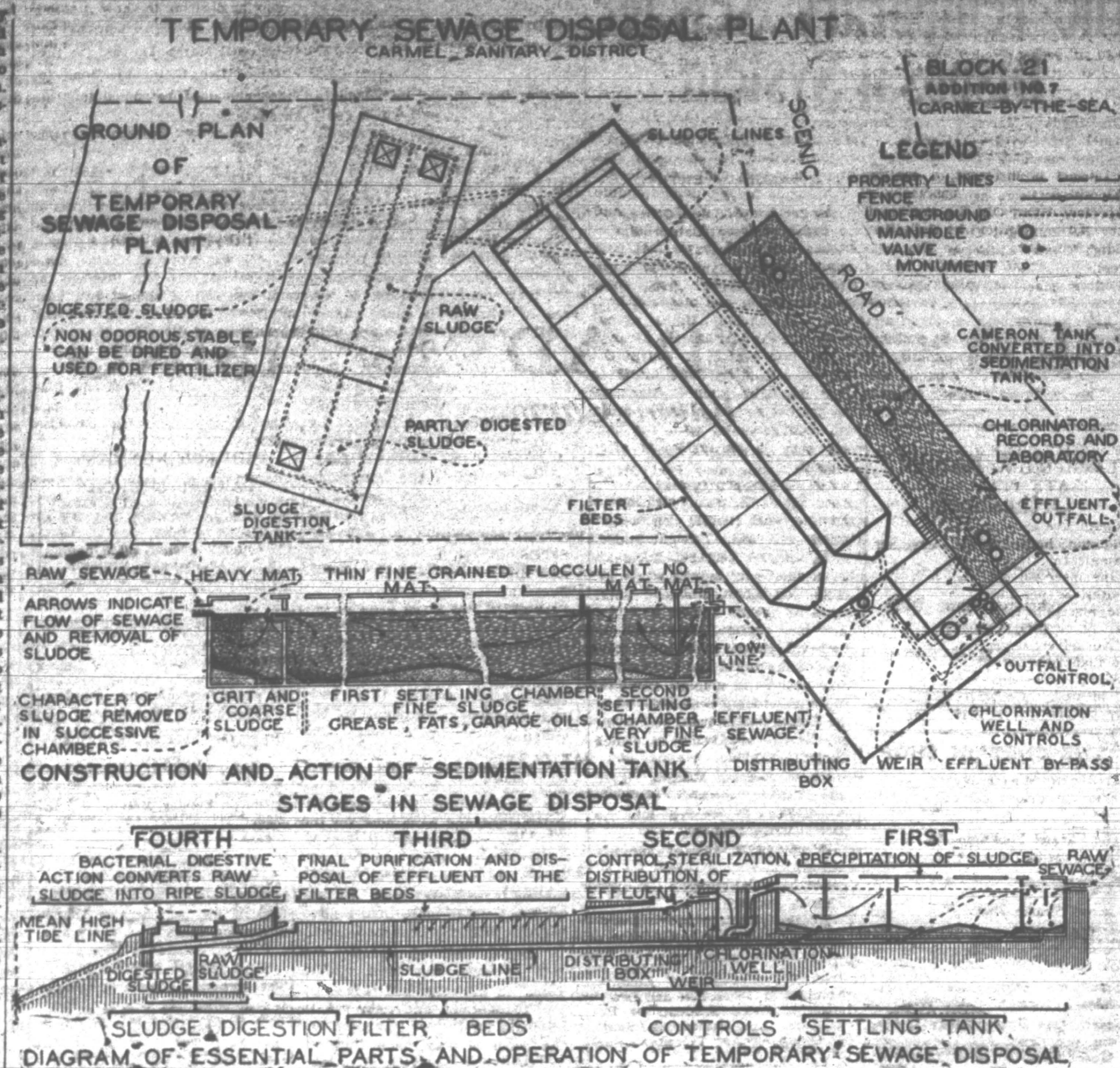
week this sludge, in thin, dry flakes is raked off and disposed of. The water percolates through some 12-17 feet of quartz sand to the water table, thence to the sea. This portion of the sewage disposal is now complete.

Should the load upon the temporary plant become so heavy that a week's sewage is not disposed of by a filter bed, then it must be chlorinated and the overflowing surplus gathered into troughs constructed at the lower end of the filter beds and from them through a pipe line into the sea at low tide level. This line is complete excepting for the last link into the sea which will not be installed until actually required.

#### Fourth Stage: Sludge Digestion

The sludge digestion tank of 20,000 cubic feet capacity has been built at the location shown in the figure. This is entirely below the ground level and into it all sludge and waters from cleaning the sedimentation tank are disposed of through the sludge line. This tank is of heavy redwood plank, thoroughly braced, and by partitions and baffles is cut into three main compartments. All raw sludge and water are delivered to the first compartment; as these digest, the influx of flushing waters transports the partially digested sludge into the second compartment where it undergoes still further digestion; thence later to the third compartment where the ripe or fully digested sludge accumulates. The water gradually goes off through the sand at the rate of some 800 cubic feet per day (40,000-50,000 gallons per week).

The digested sludge is non-odorous, stable and can be removed by a simple pump, dried on a sand bed and carted away to be used as fertilizer for which it has a considerable value. At the end of a year or two the sludge will have to be removed from this last compartment. As constructed, the sludge digestion chamber has inspection wells for each compartment so that the state and progress of the digestion can be watched and tested. Large man-holes for entrance, for clean-out and repair purposes are also provided. Odors from this unit are practically non-existent, the gases from digestion being absorbed in the wet sand or escaping in non-appreciable quantities. The disposal of sludge is the most troublesome part of any sewage disposal system. If sewage is dumped and got rid of by dilution in some stream or body of water, the sludge tends to collect in shoals, pockets and upon the shores, becoming a nuisance and a menace. Burying, impounding in lagoons and kindred methods are nasty, cumbersome, expensive and a perpetual nuisance. The highest, most effective type of disposal now used is that of separate sludge digestion, a process originating in Lawrence, Massachusetts and now extensively used in high-grade sewage disposal plants in the United States, England, Switzerland and Germany. Separate sludge digestion may well be compared with the old domestic sour-dough practice in that in starting a digestion unit, it must be seeded with digested and partially digested sludge to give the requisite bacterial flora. Once started, the process is continuous as long as raw sewage is added at one end and digested sludge is removed at the other. Of course if no raw sludge be added, the whole mass becomes digested, the bacterial flora may then be lost and to restart the process, sour-dough must be replaced by



borrowing sludge from a neighbor, or less effectively, by the use of several loads of fresh horse manure.

The process consists in separating the sludge and its storage in specially constructed tanks with small amounts of water. In these bacterial action slowly digests, that is, converts the sludge into stable, non-odorous, non-putrescible compounds, producing a black, nitrogenous-carbonaceous mass containing about 90 per cent of water. This digested sludge is then pumped onto sand beds where it dries very readily and is carted away to a dump as waste or more commonly used as a partial fertilizer. It is the most effective, safe and cleanly way known for sludge disposal. It was adopted for our temporary plant and is one of the unalterable specifications for our permanent plant. Separate sludge digestion is especially adapted to sewage disposal plants for small or moderate sized communities.

In the construction of a separate sludge digestion system three factors, the population to be served, the volume of sludge produced and the temperatures of the locality must be carefully considered and balanced. The rapidity of digestion is a function of the temperature and character of the sludge. Sludge from purely domestic sewage, such as we have in this locality, is the easiest to digest,

whereas commercial waste from creameries, canneries and so forth is slow and troublesome. Increasing or decreasing temperatures hasten or retard digestion which proceeds best at a rather constant, moderate temperature. Too high or too low temperatures inhibit bacterial action, therefore they stop digestion. By a fortunate provision of nature, this locality with its even, moderate temperature is splendidly adapted to this method of sludge disposal.

In separate sludge digestion systems, the duration of the digestion period must be determined or calculated, six months being the local value. The volume of sludge produced, the population to be served and a cubic foot per capita allowance made to determine the size of the plant. For the temporary plant a peak population of 5,000 and a per capita content of four cubic feet resulted in the building of a tank of 20,000 cubic feet capacity. Current practice allows from 9.2 cubic feet per capita in Birmingham, England, with a strong industrial sewage, to 1.25 cubic feet at Lincoln, Nebraska for sewage that is largely domestic. The local allowances with our temperatures thus provide adequate capacity for sludge digestion with a good margin of safety to care for sudden overload or administrative neglect.

The entire plant is now enclosed by a strong wire fence topped by

barbed wire and with gates which are kept locked. Proper wind-breaks protect the filter beds from storms and windblown sand and all the controls are housed in to protect them from storm and the curious. Part of the routine of upkeep requires that the plant as a whole shall be policed each week so that its appearance may not become untidy.

#### Capacity and Operation

The capacity of the temporary sewage disposal system is limited by three factors: first, by the capacity of the sedimentation tank; second, by the amount of chlorine per day which it is economically justifiable to use in sterilizing the effluent; third, the capacity of the sludge digestion unit.

The dimensions of the old Cameron tank are such that a six-hour retention period of the sewage in the sedimentation tank is about the permissible minimum. That is, sewage should be six hours in passing through the sedimentation tank in order to give a good, clear effluent with low solid content. As rated, our sedimentation tank has a daily capacity of 300,000 gallons, an amount adequate for a population of 5,000 people.

When the amount goes above this daily capacity, then solids will increasingly be carried over with the effluent, resulting in a more rapid diminution of the porosity of the filter beds and their consequent de-

creased effectiveness and much larger amounts of chlorine gas will be needed to sterilize the effluent. Operation under these conditions would be economically unsound for any considerable time, although for an emergency, pending a more permanent disposal, would be necessary and justifiable and would provide the requisite service.

The entire plant is therefore adequate for a population peak of 5,000 and has a flexibility requisite to care for any emergencies if they are forced upon it. It is therefore fully adequate for the period of the two years or so which it will take to prepare for and build our more permanent plant, if no time is lost in its realization.

A word of caution must be introduced at this point. Any public utility of this kind must be of a capacity to properly care for the usual peak load thrown upon it and not for the average load or less. Unless this be done, there will be trouble, often of a grave character. It follows that such systems for the larger part of the time are operated below their rated capacity and it is exactly this relation of adequate capacity for the peak load and routine operation below capacity which gives efficiency and constancy of service and low operating costs. The moment the computed rating is passed as a constant operation procedure, then commences variable efficiency and constancy of service and operation

costs begin to mount skyhigh. A sane, public policy insists that plant capacity always be kept just ahead of present requirements.  
(Continued next week)

#### NOTICE OF ELECTION

On Monday, March 7, 1927, the Carmel Sanitary District Election for three members of Carmel Sanitary Board will be held.

Election officers are as follows: Inspector, W. T. Kibbler; Judge, Mary T. Dummage; Clerk, Clara B. Laidig; Clerk, Kathryn J. Overstreet.

Polling place — West side of

Dolores street, 100 feet south of Ocean avenue, next to Farley Dyeing and Cleaning Shop.

Polls open from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m.

By order of

CARMEL SANITARY BOARD

T. W. MORGAN, JR., Sec.

#### APPLICATION UNDER ACT OF JANUARY 27, 1922 FOR CHANGE OF ENTRY.

United States Land Office,  
San Francisco, California.

Serial 017276

January 31, 1927

Notice is hereby given that

CARL SODERLUND and FRANK O. SODERLUND, sole heirs of CARL A. SODERLUND, deceased, whose post-office address is care of Richard M. Lyman, Room 322 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, have filed in this office an application under Section 2372, Revised Statutes, as amended by the act of January 27, 1922, for the SW $\frac{1}{4}$  of SW $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec. 14; NE $\frac{1}{4}$  of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Lots 5 and 6, Sec. 23, T. 17 S., R. 2 E., M. D. M., and that the same has been allowed by the Secretary of the Interior.

All persons claiming the land ad-

versely or desiring to show it to be mineral in character will be allowed until March 11, 1927, to file in this office their objections to the issuance of patent under the aforesaid application.

LIDA M. HUME, Register.

First publication: Feb. 4, 1927.

Last publication: Mar. 4, 1927.

#### PUBLIC LAND SALE

Department of the Interior,  
U. S. Land Office at San

Francisco, Calif.

January 26, 1927.

NOTICE is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Sec. 2455, R. S., pursuant to the application of Charles F. McFadden, Monterey, California, Serial No. 017187, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, but at not less than \$3.00 per acre, at 11 o'clock A.M., on the 11th day of March, next, at this office, the following tract of land: SW $\frac{1}{4}$  NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , SW $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 23, SE $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 22, T. 17S., R. 2E., MDM.

The sale will not be kept open, but will be declared closed when those present at the hour named have ceased bidding. The person making the highest bid will be required to immediately pay to the Receiver the amount thereof.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

LIDA M. HUME, Register.

First publication Feb. 4, 1927.

Last publication, March 4, 1927.

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Phone Carmel 2

#### THE PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATE PER LINE

Count five average words to line. Minimum charge 30 cents.

Single Insertion, 10c per line.

One insertion each week for 5 months, 8c per line.

One insertion each week for one year, 6c per line.

(No advertisement accepted for less than two lines.)

All transient ads. must be paid for in cash. Contract advertising may be charged provided satisfactory credit references are furnished.

All classified advertising must be in the Pine Cone office not later than 3 p.m. Wednesday for insertion in the Friday edition.

The Carmel Pine Cone is on sale at the following Ocean Avenue news stands:

In Carmel:

Carmel Smoke Shop, Mrs. Frieda J. Todd, proprietor.

Louis S. Slevin's News Stand and Book Shop.

Stanford's Drug Store, D. L. Stanford, proprietor.

Seven Arts Book Shop, Herbert Heron, proprietor.

In Monterey:

Monterey News Agency, B. W. White, Agent.

Union Stage Depot, George C. Cowart, General Agent.

Hotel Del Monte News Stand.

In New York City:

Times Square News Stand, 42nd and Broadway.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

EMPLOYMENT Agency & Public Stenographer. Houses opened for occupancy. Ruth Highy, Carmel Service Bureau, Monte Verde, bet. Ocean and 7th, east side. Phone 685-W.

WINDOW SHADES, Cabinet Work, General, Jobbing, Furniture, Repairs, 7th and Dolores, 5th Ave., near San Carlos. Box 931, Carmel.

NOW IS THE TIME to have your gowns remodeled at the Myra B. Shop, opposite the Postoffice, Telephone 66-J.

**Florence A. Belknap, M.D.**

South Carmelo  
near Ocean Ave  
Carmel

#### LOST AND FOUND

LOST—A locket in black case. Return to Laura Dierksen, Box 1044, Carmel.

#### CARMEL HOUSE & LOT CO. Parkes Building near Post Office. "BEST BUYS"

ATTRACTIVE HOME on waterfront. Desirable neighborhood. A best buy at \$9900.00. Terms.

MALL HOME near waterfront. Very desirable summer rental property. Only \$3,900.

NICEST "Close In" home on Dolores street. Well built on two lots, \$8,750.

BEST BUY in new home. Close in. Living room, breakfast room, kitchen, bath, three bedrooms, laundry. Only \$4250 for quick sale. Terms.

GOOD HOUSE on Mission street. Only \$3200. Terms.

BEAUTIFULLY wooded lots on Dolores street \$1,400.

SPECIAL LISTINGS of summer rentals.

FOR YOUR BUILDING — SEE PERCY PARKS.

#### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

CORNELIS BOTKE—Classes in Painting, Landscape, Etching, Composition, Still-Life and Drawing. Advanced Students or Beginners. San Antonio St., South of Ocean Ave., or Telephone Carmel 614-W.

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Concert, Opera, Oratorio

Studio—4th & Lopez

DR. C. E. BALZARINI—Dentist. Rooms 1 and 2, Goldstone Building, Monterey, California. Phone 134.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Charles H. Lowell, M. D. Office, Seventh and Dolores; Res. San Antonio St. and Eleventh Ave., Carmel-by-the-Sea. 11 to 12, 2 to 4. Office phone 28; Res. phone 342.

DR. RAYMOND BROWNELL—Dentist. P. O. Bldg., Dolores St., Carmel. Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturdays 9 a.m. to 12 m. Phone 250.

DR. C. E. EDDY—Licensed Naturopathic Physician and Chiropractor. Ultra Violet Ray Quartzlight. Registered lady nurse in attendance. Office Hours: to 11, and Mon., Wed., Sat., Eve., 30 to 9; Phone 105. Monterey Office, Suite 5, Work Bldg., phone 1526. Hours: 1 to 5 p.m., Saturdays and Sundays by appointment only. Office and residence, Pine Cone, Apts., Dolores St., opposite P. O. Telephone Carmel 165.

MARION R. McAULAY, M. D. Obstetrics, Diseases of Women and Children. First National Bank Building. 11 Bonifacio, cor. Alvarado. MONTEREY. Hours: 1 to 4 p.m. Phone 1195. Res. Carmel-by-the-Sea. Hours: 11 to 12 a.m. Phone Carmel 628.

DR. NELLIE M. CRAMER—Osteopath, successor to Dr. Myrtle C. Gray, Work Bldg., Monterey. Office Phone Monterey 179. Res. Phone Monterey 616.

#### HOGLE & MAWDSLEY, Realtors and Subdividers

Court of the Golden Bough

WATERFRONT ACREAGE HOME-SITES. At Deven Heights, Carmel Highlands. Views of coastline and surrounding country. Roads, water, electricity and beach rights. Deep black soil. 15 minutes drive from Carmel on state highway. Restricted to residences. Attractive prices, easy terms. Resales are taking place and prices going up. Only six sites left.

AT CARMEL HIGHLANDS. Large and small acreage homesites. Terms. Also several improved properties with large grounds for sale. Easily accessible on state highway.

3 ROOM HOUSE AND DOUBLE GARAGE in La Loma Tract. Large lot. Price \$1575.00, unfurnished. Can sell furnished. Adjoining lot also available.

A HOME READY TO MOVE INTO. For \$5775.00. Easy terms. 4 room house and bath, completely furnished. Valuable close-in property.

ANOTHER 4 ROOM HOUSE AND BATH, completely furnished, only \$4500.00. Terms. Two blocks from Ocean Avenue. A good buy.

#### FOR SALE

FOR FINE TABLE CHICKENS—Search Ranch Specials—Extra large and desirable. Subject to orders at any time. Regular weekly deliveries preferred. Call at 13th and Casanova or phone Carmel 145-R.

FOR SALE—The home of George E. Stone at Carmel Highlands. One acre of sea coast, wooded, two houses of reinforced concrete. Every convenience, garages, terraced gardens, etc. A magnificent property. See owner on premises, or write George E. Stone, Carmel or any agent.

FOR SALE—Beautiful antique furnishings, some over 150 years old, with finest inlaid work, for sale. These from Europe imported furnishings will suit in the finest homes. Mrs. A. Hempel, Santa Cruz (Cal.), Paul Sweet Road, (on the Sequel Highway) Route 2, Box 23B.

CHOICE ANTIQUES for sale—four post bed, curly maple, chests of drawers, chairs, card table, blue and white coverlet, signed and dated, other articles. 1130 Lincoln Ave., San Jose, Cal. Lulu A. Buffington.

#### CHURCH NOTICES

##### CARMEL CHURCH

An authoritative vital message and Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Sunday

Sunday School, 10 a.m.

L. M. Terwilliger, Minister

Strangers cordially welcomed

##### ALL SAINTS CHAPEL

(Episcopal)

Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a.m. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m.

##### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

CARMEL

North Monte Verde Street

Sunday Service 11:00 a.m.

Sunday School 9:30 a.m.

Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00

Reading Room—Tuesday and Saturday, 2 to 5 p.m. Friday, 7 to 9 p.m. Closed holidays.

MONTEREY

Cor. Pearl and Houston Sts.

(Adjoining R. L. Stevenson House)

Sunday Service 11:00 a.m.

Sunday School 9:30 a.m.

Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00

Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays.

PACIFIC GROVE

Fountain and Central Aves.

Sunday Service 11:00 a.m.

Sunday School 9:45 a.m.

Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00

Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed holidays.

All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

#### Unity Hall

##### THE HIGHER THOUGHT

Sunday, February 20

Subject: "The Bridge to The Promised Land."

Telephone 23-W

Dolores St., bet. Eighth and Ninth

#### FOR SALE

FOR SALE—One of the most charming homes on Matton Fields—seven rooms exquisitely finished—beautiful tiled bathrooms and kitchen—Spanish balconies overlooking the entire valley—basement, large garage—extra large lots with a fine elevation covered with pines and oaks. Anita J. Pardee, 207 Clay St., Monterey, Calif. Phone Monterey 672-J.

#### HELP WANTED

EDUCATION—Wanted by experienced high school teacher and university graduates, pupils for tutoring or coaching—also proof reading and reading aloud. Address P. O. Box 1123, Carmel.

WANTED—Used portable typewriter with standard keyboard. Notify Elliot, Rt. 336, Carmel.

#### AMATEUR VS. PROFESSIONAL (Continued from Page 12)

Of three such communities, ingrained necessarily as any town, one would not, except of Carmel during the summer—expect any high degree of dramatic intelligence; nor would one be, in Carmel, disappointed. So far as the occasional visitor can tell, he would not be disappointed in Santa Barbara either. In both places there are, of course many charming people of the Michael Arlen variety, and even some intelligent residents with the exceptional courage which enables them to live there; but such swallows do not make even a southern Californian summer. Pasadena, however, is a fantastic little town which breaks all the rules.

It builds what is probably the finest theater of its size in the country; it runs it as a genuine community playhouse, which is theatrically significant (an obvious contradiction in terms); and to this playhouse which caters to no class or clique, not even to its own season-ticket-holders, it brings a large, highly enthusiastic and reasonably discriminating audience—an audience which any "commercial" manager would do anything (except conduct the business intelligently) to win for himself. Incidentally, it does not pay its actors, and in the same cast, uses the local baker and a professional leading woman with a national reputation (so, sometimes, do the Lobero and the Golden Bough; with a difference). Paradoxes like these are not fair to the critics; they demand a dramatic Einstein. One learns finally, with a meek and slightly pained resignation, that the Pasadena Playhouse has made nearly 200 productions in the past eight seasons, that some 80 per cent of these have been plays worth doing, that over 20 per cent has been original, that about 5 per cent have been by the late Mr. William Shakespeare, and that most of them have paid their way. After that it is hard not to assume that 75 per cent have been as good as six out of the eight shows which I have seen there during the past few months, each of those six able, so far as directing, acting, staging and selection were concerned, to challenge comparison with the Neighborhood Playhouse at its best.

(Continued to page 16)

# AMATEURS vs. PROFESSIONALS

(Continued from page 15)

—and one act of one play (Bosworth Crocker's "Heritage") equaling, literally, the work of the Yiddish Art Theater in the days of Ben-Ami. It glids the filly to add that the director (at his own cost, out of a not extravagant salary) maintains a small experimental theater for exotic productions.

After which, it would be unnecessarily unkind to speak of the Santa Barbara productions; they have

been tactfully lighted. Incidentally Miss Nina Moise, the director at the Lobero, recently resigned; obviously, cause and effect; but, as to which is cause, and which effect, Santa Barbarans are divided even; though Miss Moise, for several seasons, virtually single-handed, performed the monthly miracle of bringing a new production of performance . . . with themselves.

And meanwhile the Theater of the Golden Bough, during the second year of its existence, has not been dark all the time; it has presented motion pictures, an occasional revival of a one-act play, and "Merton of the Movies."

At about the same time that the latter (with speaking actors) was being performed in Carmel, the Pasadena Community Playhouse presented "Peer Gynt," with Irving Pichel in the title part. Even such an inveterate theater-goer as I, have had, in nearly thirty years, except by crossing a continent or an ocean to see Ibsen's masterpiece. If the performance had been mediocre and amateurish, I would still have been grateful. It was neither. Certain minor parts were badly done; the ensemble, while fresh and lively, lacked cohesion; neither Ase, nor Peer in his opening scenes, was more than fair. But the production as a whole, and Peer in the last two-thirds of it, were the kind of thing which makes middle-aged men after a generation of dramatic heartbreak and disillusion, still keep their faith in the theater and draw rapture from it. Incidentally, Mr. Robert R. Sharpe, who designed the settings, did an admirably neat, concise, rapid and pleasant piece of simplified staging). Two weeks later, the Pasadena Playhouse presented "The Green Goddess" and did it equally well. ("Peer Gynt" by the way, twelve performances played to some \$6000; the population of Pasadena is less than 60,000).

Yes, southern California presents curious phenomena to the slightly bewildered student of men and things; and not the least interesting is the outstanding theatrical figure on the Pacific coast today, the man who has made the Pasadena Playhouse and its contents first a possibility and then a fact, its director, Gilmore Brown; a man whose modesty is the measure of his achievement, his kindness the measure of his power, and—some fear—his tact the measure of his ability.

But lest the entire body of youthful and ambitious Broadway genius, hastily packing its trunks with modesty, kindness and tact, telephone immediately for reservations on the next transcontinental train to Los Angeles, let it observe, with our bewildered student's philosophical (and slightly malicious) delight in human and geographical idiosyncracies; that the Native Son (carefully capitalized) seemingly regards God as an accomplished amateur on the first six days of creation, who reserved for His maturity His supreme achievement, the hills about Hollywood; let it learn, with becoming humility, that business integrity—always according to the Native Son—was born in San Francisco, bred in San Diego, and beatified in Los Angeles; and, so considering, let it recall the words of an elderly and effete Easterner, an elevator-man in a Los Angeles office building, who said—and grinned as he spoke: "Foyat came the Forty-Niners; then the shogots; and then the Native Son" (only the word he used was not shogots). Yes, so

fore youthful genius shakes from its feet as dust the decay of Boston, the degeneracy of Philadelphia, and the decrepitude of New York, let it remember at certain seasons of the year, a round-trip ticket to California can be bought for a one-way price.

## Storm in Orient Kills Hundreds

TOKYO, Feb. 17 (AP). — The toll of death in the recent storms in the northern part of Hondo island passed the 100 mark today.

The home office confirmed that 62 had been killed, 29 were missing and 113 houses destroyed in Niigata Prefecture. In Toyama prefecture there were 40 dead, 18 hurt and houses crushed. The former soldiers are volunteering to take food supplies to the stricken area.

The district was reported to be buried under a great blanket of snow, which was responsible for the death and damage. Snow began falling about a week ago and is still falling. The storm is said to be the worst in that vicinity in half a century.

## BEAUTIFY YOUR GARDEN

To enjoy your garden, plant a few seeds now; a fresh supply on display at CARMEL FLORISTS. Also showing this week some fine specimens of Scotch Heather. (Advertisement)



## Four Great Routes

—for transcontinental travel

Straight across the continent, direct service east. Go one way; return another if you wish.

Sunset Route, San Francisco to New Orleans via Los Angeles, El Paso, Famous Sunset Limited. Also, Argonaut daily. Train or ship New Orleans to New York.

Overland Route, Lake Tahoe Line: San Francisco via Great Salt Lake, Ogden to Chicago. Finer and faster San Francisco Overland Limited, extra fare train. New Gold Coast Limited and Pacific Limited.

Golden State Route: from Los Angeles via El Paso direct to Chicago. New Golden State Limited, extra fare 63 hour flyer. Also, Apache and Californian.

Shasta Route: from California to Portland and Seattle and east over northern lines. See the whole coast; go or return this way. Shasta Limited and Jother trains.

Ask for an itinerary to cover your journey.

# Southern Pacific



# REAL HOMES

Driving through HATTON FIELDS via Ocean Avenue, along the graceful curves of Hatton Road, up Randall Way, down the wooded canyon of Seventh Avenue, one observes a number of new dwellings that any one might be proud to own.

Although this restricted residence zone is but a year in the making, many lucky ones are already enjoying life in HATTON FIELDS.

Fortunate for prospective buyers, a number of the houses under construction in Hatton Fields are for immediate sale. One is able to choose a location either among trees or with a broad sweep of view, select the type of building most to one's taste, and move in within a few days or weeks from the date of purchase.

Here, for example, is a beautiful home of Carmel stone, with tiled roof and artistic interior finish of beams and plaster. The large studio living room is flanked by a covered loggia and patios east and west. The two bedrooms, dining room, kitchen, and bath are all large, conveniently arranged, and finished with the best materials. The house is on a plot 125x90 feet in area, and commands a view of both sea and mountains. The property will be landscaped by the builder.

The price of this unusual place is \$12,000. Four thousand dollars down, the balance like rent. This is the first time that homes have been offered for sale at Carmel on such easy terms.

Buyers of unfinished houses are guaranteed completion of the job according to plans and specifications on file in this office.

You are cordially invited to inspect the homes under construction in HATTON FIELDS.

For further information inquire

## Carmel Land Co.

Paul Flanders, President

Office—Ocean Avenue

Phone 18

Ernest Schweninger  
Sales Manager

J. K. Turner

Yedee Remson

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